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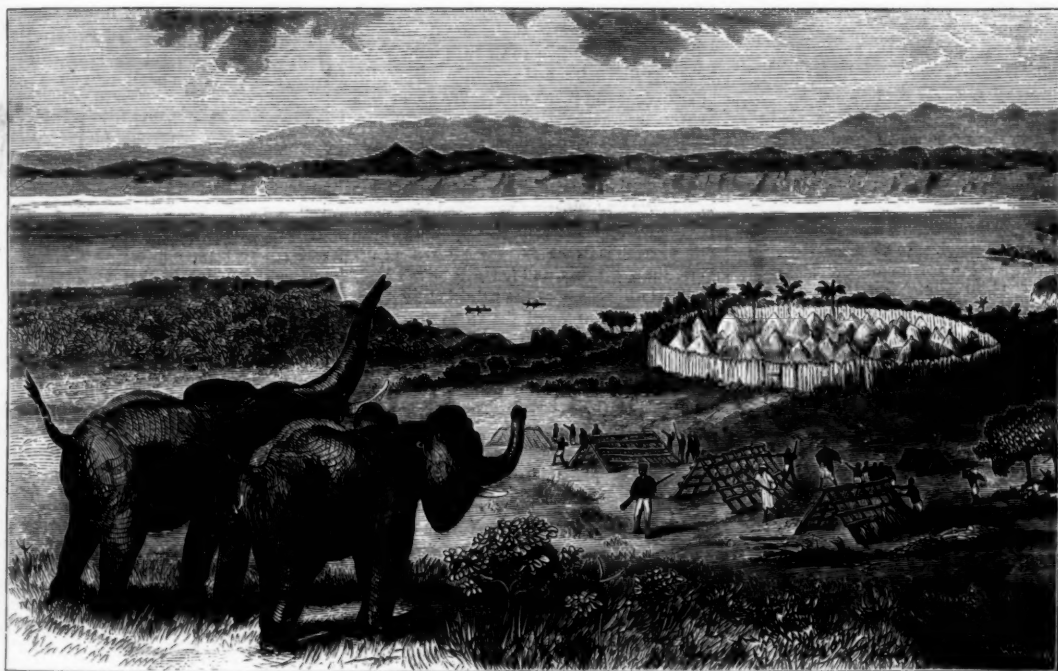
LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

SECOND PAPER.

THIS portion of the account of Dr. Livingstone's travels relates to what took place in the period between the date of his departure from Chitapangwa's, one hundred miles south of Lake Liemba (the southern end of the great lake, Tanganyika), and the date of his arrival at the Lofuko River, near Lake Tanganyika, on his return. The time consumed in this portion of his travels was one year and eleven months; and, while it

number of indications of high civilization that he found. The thoroughly farmer-like methods of planting and gathering maize, for instance; the ways of extracting ores and of working metals; the frequent delicacy of salutations and of social customs; the sweetness and purity that entered oftentimes into the observances of religious forms; and the shrewd methods of defense against enemies, are some of these hints; and upon appreciating them

person, with a slight outward cast in his left eye, but intelligent and hearty. I presented him with a cloth; and he gave me as much maize-meal as a man could carry, with a large basket of ground-nuts. He wished me to come into his village in order that he might see and talk to me. I also showed him some pictures in Smith's 'Bible Dictionary,' which he readily understood, and I spoke to him about the Bible. He asked me 'to come



THE VILLAGE ON LAKE LIEMBA (TANGANYIKA).

brought many pains and vicissitudes, it afforded him the pleasure of adding largely to the world's stock of knowledge of the region he traversed.

The general course, until the lake was reached, was a northerly one, and the region was quite thickly settled.

What causes the reader most surprise in perusing the written accounts of the towns and peoples that the explorer visited, is the

one is likely to ask if it has not required a pretty sound order of intelligence to have secured such results, while the physical conditions, the perpetual wars, the devastating fevers, and the wickedness of foreign influences, have been so adverse.

At Moamba's village, a village surrounded with a stockade and a dry ditch twenty feet wide, the doctor had a long talk with the chief, "a big, stout, public-house looking

next day and tell him about prayer to God; this was a natural desire after being told that we prayed.

"I went to visit him accordingly, and found a law case in progress; one old man spoke an hour on end, the chief listening all the while with the gravity of a judge. He then delivered his decision in about five minutes, the successful litigant going off lullulooing. Each person, before addressing him, turns his

back to him and lies down on the ground, clapping the hands: this is the common mode of salutation. Another form here in Lobemba is to rattle the arrows or an arrow on the bow, which all carry. We had a little talk with the chief; but it was late before the cause was heard through. He asked us to come and spend one night near him on the Merengé, and then go on, so we came over in the morning to the vicinity of his village. A great deal of copper wire is here made, the wire-drawers using for one part of the process a seven-inch cable. They make very fine wire, and it is used chiefly as leglets and anklets; the chief's wives being laden with them, and obliged to walk in a stately style from the weight: the copper comes from Katanga."

The manners of the Balungu afford the journal two good paragraphs. One says that the people of this tribe, when they see food brought to any one, retire for fear of trespassing upon the feelings of the recipient, a phase of decorum that is not often excelled even by civilized people. Their general conduct too is marked by a delicacy of feeling that is somewhat surprising.

The clapping of hands on meeting is something excessive, and then the string of salutations that accompany it would please the most fastidious Frenchman. It implies real politeness, for in marching with them they always remove branches out of the path, and indicate stones or stumps in it carefully to a stranger.

The nations of Ulungu also impressed the doctor with the refinement of their civility to each other.

"The mode of salutation among relatives is to place the hands round each other's chests kneeling, they then clap their hands close to the ground. Some more abject individuals kiss the soil before a chief; the generality kneel only, with the forearms close to the ground, and the head bowed down to them, saying: 'O Ajadla chiusa, Mari a bwino.' The Usanga say, 'Ajé sen-ga.' The clapping of hands to superiors, and even equals, is in some villages a perpetually-recurring sound. Aged persons are usually saluted: how this extreme deference to each other could have arisen, I cannot conceive; it does not seem to be fear of each other that elicits it. Even the chiefs inspire no fear, and those cruel old platitudes about governing savages by fear seem unknown, yet governed they certainly are, and upon the whole very well."

In another place in the journal, a tribe is mentioned the people of which seem to have no family names. A man takes the name of his mother, or should his father die he may assume that. Marriage is forbidden to the first, second, or third degrees of relationship; the first and second cousins are called brothers and sisters.

It is only by a pretty close scrutiny of his simple narrative that one is enabled to learn that Livingstone's trials were severe and protracted. He expresses very little if any impatience at the delays that were forced upon him by hostile people, illness, lack of supplies, etc., and even when he has been in mortal danger from lurking enemies, it is

only made known by a few pious ejaculations in thankfulness for his escape. He seems to have cultivated the grandest stoicism and impenetrability, for none but one so protected could have kept so calm a demeanor under many dangers and irritations.

The Mazitu were still the pests of the country, and a second time did the caravan but barely escape falling into their hands.

The sickness which had long since fastened upon him, and which he was prevented from fighting from the lack of medicines, now began to tell. He says:

"Every step I take jars in the chest, and I am very weak; I can scarcely keep up the march, though formerly I was always first, and had to hold in my pace not to leave the people altogether. I have a constant singing in the ears, and can scarcely hear the loud tick of the chronometers. The appetite is good, but we have no proper food, chiefly *maëre-meal* or beans, or *mapemba* or ground-nuts, rarely a fowl."

The scenery on the way to the lake was exceedingly diversified, and in many cases very beautiful. In spite of his illness, and of the labor of making a great number of entries of a purely scientific or practically descriptive nature, the doctor found time to speak like a poet of the splendid hills, forests, and cascades, that met his view in this strange wilderness. As he toiled wearily on from one heathen town to another, annoyed by his half-mutinuous crew, filled with anxieties, and crippled with suffering, he was able to turn aside, now and then, and to rest his reverent eyes upon some sweet scene, and to gain some little solace from its hues and shades. When latterly he found that his ever-increasing suffering prevented him from fully enjoying landscapes that he knew were full of grandeur, he permits himself to deplore the great loss, and few will be the readers who will recognize the pain that he felt.

On the 1st of April the troop reached a high ridge from which the broad expanse of Lake Liemba was seen. It was about twenty miles broad, and the view to the north extended some thirty miles. The journal says:

"I never saw any thing so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning. About noon a gentle breeze springs up, and causes the waves to assume a bluish tinge. Several rocky islands rise in the eastern end, which are inhabited by fishermen, who capture abundance of fine large fish, of which they enumerate about twenty-four species. In the north, it seems to narrow into a gate-way, but the people are miserably deficient in geographical knowledge, and can tell us nothing about it. It lies in a deep basin, whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright-red argillaceous schist; the trees at present all green. Down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes, wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. In the morning and evening huge crocodiles may be observed quietly making their way to their feeding-grounds; hippopotami snort by night and at early morning."

After a long rest in this tranquil spot, the expedition moved up the west coast of the lake with the design of exploring it. But news arrived that wars were in progress to the north and west, and that farther passage

in either direction would be exceedingly dangerous. Accordingly, Livingstone turned and went back in a southwesterly direction, to Chitimba's village, where he found a large party of Arabs, under a leader named Hamees, upon whom the doctor's letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar had a good effect.

It appeared that trouble existed between the Arabs and a tribe whose leader was Nsama, a gross fellow, who was commonly carried about like an invalid, and furnished with unlimited draughts of *pombé* by his women.

The difficulty between these two important men was dissolved, however, by a somewhat novel and arbitrary device. The Arab married the daughter of the African. She arrived at her new home on a delightful afternoon, riding pickapack on a man's shoulders—a nice, modest, good-looking young woman, her hair rubbed all over with *nkola*, a red pigment made from the camwood, and much used as an ornament. She was accompanied by about a dozen young and old female attendants, each carrying a small basket with some provisions, as cassava, ground-nuts, etc. The Arabs were all dressed in their finery, and the slaves, in fantastic dresses, flourished swords, fired guns, and yelled. When she was brought to Hamees's hut she descended, and with her maids went into the hut. She and her attendants had all small, neat features. Livingstone, who had been sitting with Hamees, now rose up and went away; but he heard the Arab say to himself, "Hamees Wadim Tagh, see to what you have brought yourself!"

These complications seemed at first to be an effective barrier against the doctor's projected march to Lake Moero; nearly due west, and three days' distant; but he finally resolved to make a *détour* to the south, and to reach his object in that way.

His illness had by this time displayed itself in many very distressing ways. He had fallen insensible twice, and at one time had lost his reason. His eyes, too, were affected. Still his indomitable spirit did not flag. He was as ready for new perils as a boy, and his elevated sense of duty supported him like a rock. Interspersed among the details of daily marches and, to the general reader, unimportant memoranda, there are to be found in the journals isolated paragraphs that, like plums in a pudding, have no particular relation to each other or to any other part of the dish, yet are exceedingly good in their way. It is necessary from this peculiarity that they should be quoted without context or explanation. Here are half a dozen:

"What we understand by primeval forest is but seldom seen in the interior here, though the country cannot be described otherwise than as generally covered with innumerable forests. Insects kill or dwarf some trees, and men maim others for the sake of the bark-cloth; elephants break down a great number, and it is only here and there that gigantic specimens are seen: they may be expected in shut-in valleys among the mountains, but, on the whole, the trees are scraggy, and the varieties not great. The different sorts of birds that sing among the branches seem to me to exceed those of the Zanzibar region, but I do not shoot them; the number of new notes I hear astonishes me.

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"There is nothing interesting in a heathen town. All are busy in preparing food or clothing, mats or baskets, while the women are cleaning or grinding their corn, which involves much hard labor. They first dry this in the sun, then put it into a mortar, and afterward with a flat basket clean off the husks and the dust, and grind it between two stones—the next thing is to bring wood and water to cook it. The chief here was aroused the other day, and threatened to burn his own house and all his property, because the people stole from it, but he did not proceed so far. It was probably a way of letting the Arab dependants know that he was aroused.

"The owners of huts lent to strangers have a great deal of toil in consequence: they have to clean them after the visitors have withdrawn; then, in addition to this, to clean themselves, all soiled by the dust left by the lodgers; their bodies and clothes have to be cleansed afterward; they add food, too, in all cases of acquaintanceship, and then we have to remember the labor of preparing that food. My remaining here enables me to observe that both men and women are in almost constant employment. The men are making mats, or weaving, or spinning; no one could witness their assiduity in their little affairs and conclude that they were a lazy people. The only idle time I observed here is in the mornings about seven o'clock, when all come and sit to catch the first rays of the sun as he comes over our clump of trees, but even that time is often taken as an opportunity for stringing beads.

"Slavery is a great evil wherever I have seen it. A poor old woman and child are among the captives—the boy, about three years old, seems a mother's pet. His feet are sore from walking in the sun. He was offered for two fathoms, and his mother for one fathom; he understood it all, and cried bitterly, clinging to his mother. She had, of course, no power to help him; they were separated at Karungu afterward.

"(The above is an episode of every-day occurrence in the wake of the slave-dealer. 'Two fathoms,' mentioned as the price of the boy's life—the more valuable of the two—means four yards of unbleached calico, which is a universal article of barter throughout the greater part of Africa; the mother was bought for two yards. The reader must not think that there are no lower prices: in the famines which succeed the slave-dealer's raids, boys and girls are at times to be purchased by the dealer for a few handfuls of maize.)

"Slaves are sold here" (at Nsama's) "in the same open way that the business is carried on in Zanzibar slave-market. A man goes about calling out the price he wants for the slave, who walks behind him; if a woman, she is taken into a hut to be examined in a state of nudity."

Subsequent to Livingstone's decision to move to the southward, affairs between the Arabs and Nsama's people grew more pacific, and the doctor boldly marched, on the 30th of August, after a delay of three months and ten days, directly toward the stronghold of this African potentate. He was very well (though warily) received, and Nsama got a lecture on the pleasures of keeping the peace. He was complacent, and sent a goat, some flour, and some *pombé*, and he granted guides to Moero. "Nsama's people have generally small, well-chiseled features, and many are really handsome, and have nothing of the West-Coast negro about them; but they file their teeth to sharp points, and greatly disfigure their mouths. The only difference between them and Europeans is the color. Many of the men have very finely-formed

heads, and so have the women; and the fashion of wearing the hair sets off their foreheads to advantage. The forehead is shaved off to the crown, the space narrowing as it goes up; then the back-hair is arranged into knobs of about ten rows."

The journey to Lake Moero occupied two months and eight days, and little of great moment occurred. A company of Arabs went part of the way, but deflected when reports reached their ears that ivory was not abundant in advance. It is not often, unfortunately, that the journals contain these full descriptions of scenes of wild life that all people are eager to read. The doctor found it hard to remember that the thirty years spent by him in Africa had rendered him nearly oblivious of the oddity or picturesqueness of much that he saw.

However, he now and then throws a sop to the public; this, for instance:

"The long line of slaves and carriers brought up by their Arab employers adds life to the scene; they are in three bodies, and number four hundred and fifty in all. Each party has a guide with a flag, and, when that is planted, all that company stops till it is lifted, and a drum is beaten, and a kudu's-horn sounded. One party is headed by about a dozen leaders, dressed with fantastic head-gear of feathers and beads, red cloth on the bodies, and skins cut into strips and twisted; they take their places in line, the drum beats, the horn sounds harshly, and all fall in. These sounds seem to awaken a sort of *esprit de corps* in those who have once been slaves. My attendants now jumped up, and would scarcely allow me time to dress when they heard the sounds of their childhood, and all day they were among the foremost. One said to me that 'his feet were rotten with marching,' and this though told that they were not called on to race along like slaves.

"The Africans cannot stand sneers. When any mishap occurs in the march (as when a branch tilts a load off a man's shoulder) all who see it set up a yell of derision; if any thing is accidentally spilled, or if one is tired and sits down, the same yell greets him, and all are excited thereby to exert themselves. They hasten on with their loads, and hurry with the sheds they build, the masters only bringing up the rear, and helping any one who may be sick. The distances traveled were quite as much as the masters or we could bear. Had frequent halts been made—as, for instance, a half or a quarter of an hour at the end of every hour or two—but little distress would have been felt; but five hours at a stretch is more than men can bear in a hot climate. The female slaves held on bravely; nearly all carried loads on their heads, the head, or lady of the party, who is also the wife of the Arab, was the only exception. She had a fine white shawl, with ornaments of gold and silver on her head. These ladies had a jaunty walk, and never gave in on the longest march; many pounds' weight of fine copper leglets above the ankles seemed only to help the sway of their walk; as soon as they arrive at the sleeping-place they begin to cook, and in this art they show a good deal of expertness, making savory dishes for their masters out of wild-fruits and other not very likely materials."

The doctor gives but an indifferent account of Lake Moero, saying merely, in substance, that it is of goodly size, and that it is flanked by mountains on the east and west. The natives catch thirty-nine species of fish within its waters.

He traveled southward along its western border, intent upon reaching Casembe's town.

This settlement is barbaric enough to satisfy any one. The present chief is the eighth of his line. His residence is inclosed in a wall of reeds eight or nine feet high and three hundred yards square. The gate-way is ornamented with about sixty human skulls.

Many of Casembe's people appear with the ears cropped and hands lopped off: the present chief has been often guilty of this barbarity. One man appeared without ears or hands. He tried to excite pity by making a chirruping noise, striking his cheeks with the stumps of his wrists.

Casembe is a brutal, selfish fellow, and he smiled but once at the reception that was accorded to Livingstone, and that was at some antic of his dwarf, an amusing cripple of the true court type. Livingstone had little to complain of, however, for the chief sent ample presents.

This entry presents a very comfortable picture: "Casembe's chief wife passes frequently to her plantation, carried by six or more commonly by twelve men in a sort of palanquin: she has European features, but light-brown complexion. A number of men run before her, brandishing swords and battle-axes, and one beats a hollow instrument, giving warning to passengers to clear the way: she has two enormous pipes ready filled for smoking. She is very attentive to her agriculture; cassava is the chief product; sweet-potatoes, maize, sorghum, pennicatum, millet, ground-nuts, cotton. The people seem more savage than any I have yet seen; they strike each other barbarously from mere wantonness, but they are civil enough to me."

The caravan left Casembe's on the 22d of December on a return-march to the north, its objective-point being Ujiji, the now famous town, situated on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, near the fifth degree of south latitude.

The doctor had now another opportunity to study the Lake Moero, and he seized it with enthusiasm, making many excursions along its borders, and gaining some notion of its shape and extent. He pursued his journey northward until he reached Kabwabwata, when, finding the river before him impassable, he conceived the notion of turning back upon his track once more, and of visiting Lake Bemba, one hundred and eighty miles to the south.

His followers demurred strenuously at this (to them) Quixotic notion, and, besides their natural aversion to marching back over the same path once more, they had set their hearts upon going to Ujiji.

When the time for carrying out this project finally arrived, Livingstone found that he could command but five men, and after the second day one of these took to his heels and fled back to his brothers.

Upon his arrival near Casembe's town once more, many doubts arose as to the goodwill of that chieftain, but these were set at rest by a message of gracious welcome, for which Livingstone, who had felt some little anxiety, offered the most devout thanks.

In this town there exist some very effective laws, or rather customs, relative to

the infidelity of women. An entry in the journal displays the matter:

"Old Kapika sold his young and good-looking wife for unfaithfulness, as he alleged. The sight of a lady in the chain-gang shocked the ladies of Lunda, who ran to her, and, having ascertained from her own mouth what was sufficiently apparent, that she was a slave now, clapped their hands on their mouths in the way that they express wonder, surprise, and horror: the hand is placed so that the fingers are on one cheek and the thumb on the other.

"The case of the chieftainess excited great sympathy among the people; some brought her food, Kapika's daughters brought her *pombé* and bananas; one man offered to redeem her with two, another with three slaves, but Casembe, who is very strict in punishing infidelity, said, 'No, though ten

in this country, to show the weight of rings and beads on the legs, and many imitate this walk who have none, exactly as our fathers imitated the big cravat of George IV., who thereby hid defects in his neck: thousands carried their cravats over the chin who had no defects to hide. Moenempanda carried his back stiffly, and no wonder, he had about ten yards of a train carried behind it. About six hundred people were present. They kept rank, but not step; were well armed; marimbas and square drums formed the bands, and one musician added his voice: 'I have been to Syde' (the sultan); 'I have been to Meereput' (King of Portugal); 'I have been to the sea.' At a private reception, where he was divested of his train, and had only one umbrella instead of three, I gave him a cloth. The Arabs thought highly of him; but his graciousness had been expended on them in getting into debt; he now showed

ing and killing those who had sold them.' Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words 'to haunt and kill by spirit-power;' then it was, 'Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you.' Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vender. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was a power: there be higher than they!

"Pérémbé was one of the culprits thus menaced. The slave-owner asked Kapika's wife if she would return to kill Kapika. The others answered to the names of the different men with laughter. Her heart was evidently sore: for a lady to come so low down is to her grievous. She has lost her jaunty air, and is, with her head shaved, ugly; but she



ARRIVAL OF HAMEES'S BRIDE.

slaves be offered, she must go.' He is probably afraid of his own beautiful queen, should the law be relaxed. Old Kapika came and said to her, 'You refused me, and I now refuse you.' A young wife of old Pérémbé was also sold as a punishment, but redeemed.

"There is a very large proportion of very old and very tall men in this district. The slave-trader is a means of punishing the wives which these old fogies ought never to have had."

The start from Casembe's was made on the 11th of June, and on the 15th he encountered Casembe's brother Moenempanda, who gave him a rather stunning reception; but the magnificence, as the doctor afterward found out, was produced upon credit, and a rather overstrained one at that:

"Moenempanda is young and very handsome but for a defect in his eyes, which makes him keep them half shut or squinting. He walked off in the jaunty way all chiefs do

no inclination to get out of it, but offered about a twentieth part of the value of the goods in liquidation."

The editor of the journals says, in a note, that a private letter from Dr. Livingstone, written at about this period, shows that at no other time was he more impressed with the terrors of the slave-trade. An entry on the 24th of June in the diary gives the details of an incident that far surpasses any yet mentioned in depth of meaning. A moment of reflection will enable the reader to comprehend, to a certain extent, the terrible exercises that the minds of the slaves must have passed through to have permitted the poor wretches to give utterance to such far-fetched notions of vengeance:

"Six men slaves were singing, as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea 'of coming back after death and haunt-

never forgets to address her captors with dignity, and they seem to fear her."

On the 1st of July Livingstone met the chief of the district that he was then in, and, knowing that there were favors to be had, he took care to treat him with consideration. Here he found out that Bemba, the name that has been commonly used to designate the lake that he was about to visit, was the name of the country thereabout, and that the true appellation of the water was "Bangweolo," and it is this somewhat awkward name that the lake will probably bear in the future.

But even the influence of Chikumbi was not sufficient to preserve the sturdy traveler from all risk. On the 12th of July, while resting at one of the numerous deserted villages that here line the way, the men of a settlement in the vicinity "came to us excited and apparently drunk, and began to

work themselves up still more by running about, poisoning their spears at us, taking aim with their bows and arrows, and making as if about to strike with their axes: they thought that we were marauders, and some plants of ground-nuts strewn about gave color to the idea. There is usually one good soul in such rabbles. In this case a man came to me, and, addressing his fellows, said: 'This is only your *pombi*. White man, do not stand among them, but go away,' and then he placed himself between me and a portion of the assailants, about thirty of whom were making their warlike antics. While walking quietly away with my good friend they ran in front and behind bushes and trees, took aim with bow and arrow, but none shot: the younger men ran away with our three goats. When we had gone a quarter of a mile my friend told me to wait and he would bring the goats, which he did: I could not feel the inebriates to be enemies; but in that state they are the worst one can encounter, for they have no fear as they have when sober. One snatched away a fowl from our guide, that too was restored by our friend. I did not load my gun; for any accidental discharge would have inflamed them to rashness. We got away without shedding blood, and were thankful. The Mazitu raid has produced lawlessness in the country: every one was taken as an enemy."

On the 15th they were again placed in imminent danger, the headman of still another village mistaking them for some of the dread Mazitu who had brought fire and sword into even this far-distant land.

On the 18th of July the doctor rested his eyes, for the first time, upon Bangweolo, one of the largest sheets of water in Africa; yet there is no expression in his record of the event that would lead one to suppose that he regarded the matter as any other than a daily occurrence. He makes no enthusiastic remarks, and indulges in no sentiment of any kind, and the reader really feels that wrong has been done him, inasmuch as he has been led to regard every new scrap of intelligence respecting these wilds as something of estimable value.

The bottom of the lake is of fine, white sand, and its shores are flat and denuded of trees. There are four large islands, and these are well peopled. The doctor thought the lake to be one hundred and fifty miles long by eighty broad. His examination of the water was not a thorough one by any means. He had expended all his cloth and nearly all his trinkets, and so could not purchase benefits and favors of the people with whom he was surrounded. He therefore, after making an excursion to one of the islands, began his return-march, and with his mind once more bent upon Ujiji.

His journey was slow and dangerous, for even in his short absence new wars had broken out, and two of his old friends, Casembe and Chikumbi, had taken up arms against the too powerful Arabs.

The whole region was in a tumult, and it was impossible for Livingstone to decide upon what course he had best venture. His life was placed in danger more than once, and, so fierce and threatening were some of the men-

aces given by infuriated savages, that it is pretty hard to understand why the act of launching a spear or of letting fly an arrow was not indulged in.

The doctor bore himself with admirable coolness and forbearance, and, by making short stages now and then when the political clouds cleared a little, he found himself, on the 7th of October, upon the edge of the Kalongosi, at a place where it flows over five cataracts. Here he met with another obstruction: "Five hundred at least of Nsama's people stood on the opposite shore to know what we wanted. Two fathoms of calico were sent over, and then I and thirty guns went over to protect the people in the ford; as we approached, they retired. I went to them, and told them that I had been to Nsama's, and he gave me a goat and food, and we were good friends; some had seen me there, and they now crowded to look till the Arabs thought it unsafe for me to be among them. If I had come with bared skin, they would have fled. All became friendly; an elephant was killed, and we remained two days buying food. We passed down between the ranges of hills on the east of Moero, the path we followed when we first visited Casembe."

On the 8th of November an entry was made which indicates, without the need of much explanation, the great changes that the Arabs are making in this raw and unprotected country: "Syde bin Habid is said to have amassed one hundred and fifty frasilabs of ivory, equal to five thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, and three hundred frasilabs of copper, equal to ten thousand five hundred pounds. With one hundred carriers he requires to make four relays, or otherwise make the journey four times over at every stage. Twenty-one of his slaves ran away in one night, and only four were caught again; they were not all bought, nor was the copper and ivory come at by fair means. The murder of his brother was a good excuse for plunder, murder, and capture." It is pretty hard to throw stones at these devastators, for most nations live in glass-houses built on the same sort of ground, but the ire comes to the surface all the same whenever such tales are told.

The following are two incidental paragraphs that, while they have little to do with the journey proper, are difficult to neglect, even in this short *résumé*:

"The Africans all beckon with the hand to call a person, in a different way from what Europeans do. The hand is held, as surgeons say, *prone*, or palm down, while we beckon with the hand held *supine*, or palm up. It is quite natural in them, for the idea in their mind is to lay the hand on the person and draw him toward them. If the person wished for is near—say forty yards off—the beckoner puts out his right hand on a level with his breast, and makes the motion of catching the other by shutting the fingers and drawing him to himself. If the person is farther off, this motion is exaggerated by lifting up the right hand as high as he can; he brings it down with a sweep toward the ground, the hand being still held prone as before. In nodding assent, they differ from us by lifting up the chin instead of bringing it down as we do. This lifting up the chin looks natural after a short usage therewith, and is perhaps purely conventional, not natural, as the other seems to be. . . .

"It is said that on the road to the Great Salt Lake in America the bones and skulls of animals lie scattered everywhere, yet travelers are often put to great straits for fuel. This, if true, is remarkable among a people so apt in turning every thing to account as the Americans. When we first steamed up the river Shiré, our fuel ran out in the elephant-marsh, where no trees exist, and none could be reached without passing through many miles on either side of impassable swamp, covered with reeds, and intersected everywhere with deep branches of the river. Coming to a spot where an elephant had been slaughtered, I at once took the bones on board, and these, with the bones of a second elephant, enabled us to steam briskly up to where wood abounded."

On the 23d of November there was an ugly attack upon the doctor's party (it had now joined with some Arabs), and for a time the fighting was quite spirited. There was no stockade about the village where they were, and it was a sort of semi-street and semi-field battle.

The doctor did not go into the fight, but staid in his hut to protect his goods, not only against the assailants, should they succeed in getting the mastery, but against the defenders, some of whom, under the cover of the noise, might make a foray on private account. The women went up and down the village with sieves, as if winnowing, and singing songs, and hallooing to encourage their husbands and friends who were fighting; each had a branch of the *Ficus Indica* in her hand, which she waved as a charm:

"About ten of the Imbozhwa" (the enemy) "are said to have been killed, but dead and wounded were at once carried off by their countrymen. They continued the assault from early dawn till one P. M., and showed great bravery, but they wounded only two with their arrows. Their care to secure the wounded was admirable: two or three at once seized the fallen man and ran off with him, though pursued by a great crowd of Banyamwezi with spears, and fired at by the Suaheli—Victoria-Cross fellows truly many of them were! Those who had a bunch of animals' tails, with medicine, tied to their waists, came sidling and ambling up to near the unfinished stockade, and shot their arrows high up into the air to fall among the Wanyamwezi, then picked up any arrows on the field, ran back, and returned again. They thought that by the ambling gait they avoided the balls, and, when these whistled past them, they put down their heads, as if to allow them to pass over; they had never encountered guns before."

It was not until the 11th of December that the doctor succeeded in finding a way out of his quandary. The company that went forth from the village is described as a "motley group composed of Mohamad and his friends, a gang of Unyamwezi hangers-on, and strings of wretched slaves yoked together in their heavy slave-sticks. Some carried ivory, others copper or food for the march, while hope, fear, misery, and villainy, may have been read off on the various faces."

Almost every night was signalized by the flight of one or more of these unfortunates, and the pursuits that were instituted caused delays.

Taken for all in all, there is no manner of doubt that African traveling is the most maddening experience that a man can under-

go. Many of the sojourners in this land have been driven time and again to the point of desperation by the wait-a-bits that have caught them and held them back from achievements when success has appeared to be within their very grasp. Dr. Livingstone, however, cultivated a patience that was remarkable for its quality and endurance. He often staid months in a town that he had thought to pass at once. Wars, disputes, and suspicions, played havoc with his designs, and forced him to make marches and countermarches that were not at all reckoned upon in the original programme, and yet he hardly lifts his voice to protest.

No doubt most of this submissiveness was due to the fact that he had devoted all that remained of his life to the exploration of Africa and to the study of the slave-trade, and so was not eager to return to England to receive the thanks of his sovereign or the plaudits of the people. The sublimity of this attitude toward the world can hardly be described. One contemplates the figure of this lonely and almost homeless man environed in self-sought perils, with a feeling of honest reverence, and the tenderest pity that our natures afford is awakened when in his simple words he records his increasing dangers and his failing health.

He was now on the way to a place where he hoped to receive supplies, and where he might find letters and dispatches from England. He had done much already, and had put into manuscript-form much of the knowledge that he had gained; and he looked forward to his arrival at Ujiji not so much on account of the pleasure he might experience while there, but because he could from that point make a fresh departure into the wilderness.

On the 31st of December he reached the Lofuko River, some seventy miles from Lake Tanganyika, in the northern part of which Ujiji is situated.

Here he made a rest of two days.

RALPH WILTON'S WEIRD.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

His long meditation ended in his ringing sharply, and ordering round the dog-cart to drive into Monkscleugh.

"It's sure to snow, sir," said his servant.

"Not yet, I think. At any rate, I shall take my chance."

"Yes," he continued, half aloud, as the man disappeared, "I must make the attempt; and if I meet her—why, what will be, will be!" With this profoundly philosophic conclusion he proceeded to draw on an overcoat and prepare for his cold drive.

The previous day, Wilton had managed, by a profound stratagem, to procure an interview with Donald, and for his pains found that young gentleman fearfully cross and rude, moreover alone; but, in the course of

their short conversation, the heir of Brosedale confessed to being greatly enraged at the non-appearance of some fresh drawing-materials which had been forwarded from London, and of which no tidings could be heard; that "Dandy," his special pony, was ill or disabled, and no one was at liberty to go for them; so Ella had promised to walk over to Monkscleugh the next morning.

Of course Wilton discovered that he, too, had "urgent private affairs" of his own to transact in the town, and, had it "rained elephants and rhinoceroses," he would have persevered.

It was a still, cold morning. The bitter wind of the day before had fallen, and a kind of expectant hush pervaded the air. The man, who stood at the horse's head, looked round him with a very dissatisfied air, not seeing the necessity for driving to Monkscleugh.

However, the drive there was accomplished without any encounter, save with a barefooted lassie on her way to market. At first Wilton drove slowly, and then fast, and before they had reached the town the snow had begun, in large, slow flakes. In spite of its increasing density, he managed to call at the saddler's and the corn-factor's, and twice at the railway-station, but all in vain; so, with a muttered malediction on the weather, which had, no doubt, defeated the object of his expedition, he turned his horse's head toward home.

"It's going to be a bad fall," he said to his servant, as they proceeded through the thickly-descending snow, which scarcely permitted them to see a yard right or left.

"It is so, sir; and I wish we were home, or, anyhow, across the brae, there, where the road turns to Brosedale."

"Do you think we will lose the track?"

"I'll be surprised if we do not, sir."

"I fancy I shall be able to make it out," returned Wilton, and drove on as rapidly as he could in silence. Suddenly he pulled up. "Look," said he, "there—to the right. Do you not see something like a figure—a woman?"

"Faith, it's only a big stone, sir!"

"No—it moves!—Hallo!" shouted Wilton. "I think you are off the road."

The figure stopped, turned, and came toward them. Wilton immediately sprang down and darted forward, exclaiming, "Miss Rivers! Good God! what weather for you! How fortunate I overtook you.—Come, let me assist you to reach my dog-cart. You must be nearly wet through."

She put her hand on his offered arm. "It is indeed fortunate you came up. I had begun to feel bewildered." Nevertheless she spoke quite calmly, and accepted his aid to mount the dog-cart with perfect composure. As Wilton took his place beside her and gathered up the reins, after wrapping his plaid round her, he made up his mind very rapidly not to attempt the longer and more open route to Brosedale.

He drove more slowly, taking good heed of the objects he could make out, and, to his great joy, recognized a certain stunted, gnarled oak, to the right of which lay Glenraven, and, having passed it, somewhat increased his speed.

"It is scarcely wise to push on to Brosedale until this heavy fall is over. Besides, the Lodge is much nearer, and you ought not to be a moment longer than you can help in these wet clothes. I am afraid you must depend on the resources of our cook for dry garments."

"My clothes are not so very wet, but my boots are. I wish we could have gone on to Brosedale; but, if it cannot be, I will not trouble you. This snow is too heavy to last very long."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Wilton inwardly.

Here was the first gleam of good fortune that had visited him. Ella was to be all alone with him for two or three hours. Snow or no snow, he would manage that, at all events. All the Brosedale women away, Moncrief certain to be storm-stayed somewhere—what a glorious chance for a long, confidential talk, for the solving of many doubts, for the forging of some link that would bind this wild, free bird to him! The excessive delight and exaltation that made his heart bound roused him to the necessity of self-control, and he swore to himself that not a word or a look should escape him to offend or startle his prize.

"How was it you ventured out on so unpromising a morning?" he asked, as they proceeded, stopping from time to time to make sure of the road.

"Oh, Donald was so ravenous to get a parcel which he thought must be mislaid at Monkscleugh, that I promised to go over for it; and you know I love so much to be out. Still I do not think I should have attempted it, only a Mr. Wilton, who was going somewhere in the phaeton, offered to drive me to Monkscleugh. I thought it would snow, but I hoped to get back before it began. However, I was overtaken; and I fancy I should have wandered all day had you not found me."

"I thought Wilton was going with Lady Fergusson to the fête at Brantwood?"

"He was; but he was to take up some one on the way."

"He is a relation of mine," said Wilton, feeling marvelously crossed by the simple fact of St. George having discovered the hidden treasure as well as himself.

"I suppose so; but he is quite unlike you."

It would be hard to say, logically, why this comforted Colonel Wilton, but it did.

"Hold hard, sir!" cried the groom, who was standing up and peering ahead. "You will be right against the gate." And Wilton found he was at home. Another moment and he pulled up at the door of the Lodge.

CHAPTER V.

"SEND Mrs. McKillop here," cried Wilton, hastily and imperiously, to Major Moncrief's servant, who advanced to the door. "One of the Brosedale ladies has been caught in the snow, and is nearly wet through."

He almost lifted Ella from the dog-cart as he spoke, and led her into the warm, comfort-

able hall. While he removed the plaid that wrapped his guest, the astonished Mrs. McKollop came quickly on the scene.

"Eh, my word! but ye're wet!" she exclaimed. "Come wi' me, missee, and I'll see till ye; and you'd be the better of a drop of hot toddy yerse'f, colonel."

"Oh, I shall be all right! Just look to Miss Rivers.—As soon as you have got rid of your wet things we will have luncheon," he added, addressing her. She bowed, and followed the portly Mrs. McKollop.

"I hope there is some place fit to take a lady into," said Wilton to Major Moncrief's man, on whom the domestic arrangements devolved, for he was barely acquainted with Mrs. McKollop's name. This important functionary was attached to Glenraven Lodge, and let with the premises. To this species of serfdom she was by no means averse, for the system proved profitable, and, by a sort of mental inversion, she had grown to regard the temporary proprietors as her guests and vassals.

"Yes, sir, I believe Mrs. McKollop keeps the top-rooms pretty tidy."

"Well, get luncheon, will you? I hope the fire is good." So saying, Wilton hastened to change his own damp clothes, and don a black-velvet shooting-jacket. His toilet was completed, and he was fully a quarter of an hour in the dining-room before any one appeared. "Go and let Miss Rivers know luncheon is ready." A few minutes more, and the door opened to admit his guest. An expression of demure fun sparkled in her eyes as she came in, holding up the voluminous drapery of Mrs. McKollop's best dress—a strongly-pronounced Mac-something tartan, of bright red and green and yellow—which was evidently a world too wide for her slight wist. Above was the close-fitting gray jacket of her own dress, which had been saved from wet by her water-proof.

"I trust you have been made tolerably comfortable?" said Wilton, placing a chair for her, while he glanced with much satisfaction at the fast-falling snow.

"Your house-keeper has been so good," she replied, with her sweetest, frankest smile. "She exhausted all her resources to supply my wants, and, I think, would fain have made me come to luncheon in her best bonnet, which is the most wonderful thing you ever saw. It has feathers, and flowers, and currants in it."

"I suppose carrots and turnips would be too much like the insignia of office. But you must be exhausted. Pray sit down and have some luncheon."

"Thank you. I do feel rather hungry."

It seemed almost incredible to be sitting *à-la-tête* with Ella, after all his dreams and efforts; but even more surprising was her quiet, unembarrassed manner. Had Wilton been her grandfather, she could not have eaten with more composure, and, it must be added, zest, showing a decided preference for cold game and sweets.

"Let me recommend some hot wine-and-water," said Wilton, as she put down her knife and fork, after refusing a second supply of grouse.

"Thank you, no. I never take wine; but, if I might ask for something?"

"Certainly; any thing within the resources of Glenraven and Mrs. McKollop."

"Then may I have a cup of coffee?"

Wilton immediately ordered it; and, when it came, his guest expressed high approval.

"Ah! your people have learned how to make this in France."

"From Frenchmen, at any rate. That was one accomplishment our servants picked up."

"The coffee at Brosedale is so dead; it is not the least like coffee! This reminds me of Italy and France."

"Then you have been a good deal abroad?"

"Nearly all my life." A full stop; and Wilton felt he had led up neatly to the story of her past.

"As you will take nothing more, suppose we go into the next room?" She rose, and then stopped.

"Oh! I have lost Mrs. McKollop's shoe under the table." Wilton laughed, and assisted in the search.

"I wish we had any thing nearer the mark to offer you," he said, as he produced a huge, broad-soled, thick shoe, tied on the instep. "They must fit you like snow-shoes."

"There is a good deal of stocking to fill up with," she replied, as she managed to shuffle into the room on the opposite side of the hall, which was somewhat more ornamental than the one they left. Sundry sporting prints, a deer's head, various pipes, and plenty of writing-materials, with a splendid fire, and several comfortable easy-chairs, made it a pleasant apartment.

"And you live here?" said Ella Rivers, moving round the room with some curiosity; and as she smoke very good cigars. I recognize the perfume."

"I hope it is not very disagreeable?"

"Disagreeable? Oh, no! I love it. But how it snows! There is no chance of my getting back till it abates."

"Certainly not," returned Wilton, cheerfully, and adopting her easy, friendly tone. "So, pray sit down near the fire, and permit me to enjoy the fruit of my treasure-trove—I mean, a little talk with you."

"Yes—it is very nice to talk over a good fire," she said, returning slowly from the window and seating herself in a large chair; "but I wish it would clear."

"I suppose young Fergusson will be very anxious about you?" remarked Wilton, taking advantage of her steady gaze at the fire to study the graceful outline of her head, and ear, and neck, the pale, delicate oval of her face. There was a wonderfully-patrician look about this mysterious girl; how small and white were the hands she had carelessly clasped upon her knee! and, simple as were her manners, too, they were infinitely more refined than the superb Miss Saville's; and, at all events, he would have her all to himself for the next two hours.

"Anxious about me?" she said, after a moment's silence; "not very. He will be anxious about his parcel (which, after all, I did not get), and vexed at my absence. But Donald is a strange boy. I know him."

"He must be an ungrateful young dog," said Wilton, carefully averting his eyes as

she turned to him. "You are so good to him."

"It is not what you would call grateful, though he is very fond of me—that is, I have become a necessity to him; then he knows I am fond of him, and I believe no one else is, not even his father. Poor, poor fellow! Ah, how I feel for him!"

"He cannot be a pleasant companion."

"At times most unpleasant; then, again, wonderfully sympathetic, and so dependent, that I feel a great, strong, free creature, rich in youth, and health, and strength, all grand things that Sir Peter's gold cannot buy, and I can do any thing for him. Then I forget the dark side of my own lot, and only see the wealth that Nature has given me."

"You are, indeed, wealthy!"

"In some ways, yes; in others—" She stopped, shook her head, with a smile half sad, half mocking, and resumed her gaze at the fire.

There was a short pause, and Wilton said:

"Still, to so bold a spirit as yours, it must be imprisonment, indeed; and I am not surprised that you seize every chance of momentary relief. But—forgive me if I am presumptuous—it was no ordinary courage that would take you so far afield that night I caught a glimpse of you retreating in the moonlight—no ordinary inducement that would tempt you to such a distance."

"I had inducement enough," she returned, with a slight sigh. "Donald had been in one of his worst moods all day—one of his mean, suspicious tempers, and I could not persuade him to go to bed till late. Then I opened the study-window, and looked out to breathe and grow tranquil before I tried to sleep; then the memory of the moonlight nights long ago, when I used to sit in a corner by the window, before the lamp was brought, and listen to my father talking (rather dreaming aloud—oh, so gloriously!), came over me with a wild, irresistible longing to be out in the free air, alone and standing upright before heaven, with things *really* greater than myself about me—such an intense longing that I sprang down the steps and away." As she said the last word she unclasped her hands and threw one out with a sudden, expressive gesture full of grace, and not without a certain dignity. "But I suppose to you it seems shocking?" And again she turned to the fire.

"By no means!" exclaimed Wilton, eagerly. "Pray do not imagine me a slave to the shocking." What you do seems right and natural in you to an extraordinary degree; but every one may not view matters as I do, and I confess I wished to escort you back, but dared not intrude—besides, I was not alone."

"Escort me back!" she replied, with a low, sweet laugh of genuine merriment. "That would have put a climax to my misdoings, and, also (pardon the rudeness), destroyed the sense of freedom. As it was, my outbreak was severely rebuked by Miss Walker, who was informed of my absence, and talked yards of sense and propriety before I escaped to bed. Ah, what a degrading *finale* to a moment's outbreak into light and liberty!"

But I must not quarrel with Miss Walker. She is 'Madonna dell' Esperanza.'"

There was a wonderful charm in her voice and manner, a curious mixture of softness and daring.

"And pray why do you dignify that iron-gray woman with so romantic a title? I should not imagine her in the least hopeful."

"She found me when I was at a very low ebb, and placed me with Donald."

"Indeed! Then he ought to consider her his 'Dame de bon Secours.'"

"He thinks I am fortunate."

"And, when you found yourself so far from human aid that night, did you not feel uncomfortable?" resumed Wilton, hoping to lead her back to her reminiscences.

"Yes. When I turned to go back the fire had nearly burnt out in my heart; but, you see, I have never been with women, so their fears are not mine. I fear what they may think of me when I act differently from them."

"I suppose, then, you have numerous brothers?"

"I have neither brother nor sister. My father—" She paused. "Ah, if you could have known my father! He was a great politician, a great philanthropist, a true man; and he was surrounded by men like himself, devoted to humanity. They were all very good to me—when they remembered my existence, which was not always, you know." A little arch smile, that made Wilton burn to tell her how irresistibly she absorbed his mind, heart, imagination!

"Well, your father," said he, with wonderful composure, rising as he spoke to arrange the fire—"your father, I presume, adored you?"

"Alas, no!" There was great forgiving tenderness and sadness in her voice. "He perhaps remembered me least of all; and, when he did, I brought bitter thoughts. My mother, whom he adored, died when I was born; so you see I have been quite alone. Yet I grew to be of importance to him; for, just before he died, he told me to take her ring, which he had always worn, and wear it for both their sakes. See, there it is."

She held out her right hand to show where it encircled her slender third finger.

"Then you lived in Italy?" said Wilton, to lead her on.

"Yes, my first memories are of Italy—a great, half-ruined villa on a hill-side near Genoa; and my nurse, a Roman woman, with such grand, black eyes. I used to love to look into them, and see myself in them. How she loved me and spoiled me! My father must have had money then, for he came and went, and seemed to me a great person; but I feared him, though he was gentle and beautiful, for he shunned me. Oh, yes, how noble he looked! None of the others were like him; and he was English on his father's side, so he said, when he told me to keep the name of Rivers; but we had many names: one in Italy, another in Paris, another in Germany. I did not like Paris. The first time we were there I had a *gouvernante*; she taught me a little, and tormented me much; but still I do know French best. I can write it well; but, though I speak Ital-

ian and German, I cannot read either or write either."

She had again clasped her hands over her knee, and went on softly and dreamily, as if to herself; Wilton still keeping silence, and gazing intently at the speaker, earnestly hoping nothing would interrupt or turn her from her spoken musings.

"But you evidently learned to draw," he suggested, softly.

"My father was a great artist—would have been acknowledged as a great artist had he not been gradually absorbed in schemes for raising the poor, and ignorant, and oppressed, for giving them political life. There were many artists among our friends, and all were willing to teach me and help me. To draw seemed to me as natural as to breathe, and if I ever had a moment of personal ambition it was to be a true, a recognized artist; but I had scarcely any. You, even you, patriotic Englishman as you are!" turning to him with sudden animation, "you would have admired my father. He was my ideal of a true knight, so simple, no noble, so refined; with such a deep, fervent faith in his fellow-men. Of course, he and all our friends were hunted, proscribed; so I never knew a relation. And he, my father, never could bear to speak of my mother; so I only know from her picture that she was fair and sweet-looking."

"What a strange, sad life for a girl!" said Wilton, with genuine sympathy.

"Strange, but not sad. Oh, no! I was ignorant (I am ignorant, by your standard), and not a little neglected. But what delight it was to listen to the men my father knew, to hear the grand schemes they planned; the noble, tender pity for the suffering and oppressed; the real brotherhood they acknowledged to all mankind, and the zest of danger; for often a well-loved comrade was missing, and some never returned. Imprisonment in Italy or Prussia for a political offense is a serious matter."

AN ANXIOUS ANGLE.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

I.

THE POOL AND ITS FISH.

THE first faint breaths of the Yemasse War, in 1715, sent flying to the North a few thistle-downs from the plantations of tougher people in South Carolina. Some of these were Huguenots, and they floated up the coast, losing a few of their number in this colony and a few in that, and some sank timidly into the soil at Newport, Rhode Island, and there struck root.

One of these fugitive seeds built itself an elegant house of stone, and, preserving most of the grander trees upon the land, caused gardens and terraces to be laid out upon a delightful southern slope.

The carvers, stair-builders, and gilders, spent a whole year inside the mansion, and when they one day quitted it, the owners, with their high-born friends and their Indian servants, came and consecrated it to love,

marriage, child-rearing, and death, and to all the holy things that, in the natural course, commonly fall to the lot of a family.

As was often the case in those days, and as it frequently is in these, the race ran out in women. The men were sad people, and killed themselves, mostly with French brandy, and left six sisters, aunts, and children, to nag at each other about the diminishing estate. Finally there was left but one child, and she married an impecunious gentleman of good standing. This person changed his name in order that the family of his wife might be preserved to a country that was eager for good families, but French brandy ruined him as it had the rest, and, after making away with a generous recompense in property that he claimed was due for his marriage-vows, he vanished into a gentler world.

Madame, in her thirtieth year, threw off her signs of mourning, and listened with an aching ear to her steward, who told her a story regarding the condition of her estate that made her fair cheek pale. She must retrench, and that at once, he said.

Retrench! what did that mean?

Well, a surrender of the city house in Wall Street, for instance.

The outcry that followed this bold assault upon a tradition that the wealth of the Delmés was boundless—a tradition that madame, in her feminine inaptitude for figures and accounts, only too fondly believed—astonished the good factotum into making little speeches that meant more than he intended. Then it came out that full twenty limbs of the estate must be lopped off, and at once. Madame fainted, and was borne to her room in her brocade and powder, and remained desperately ill while the swords of the stewards hewed the property down to its due proportions.

The lady then emerged, and found the world in tears over her misfortune. All her sex so deeply regretted that they were to lose her out of their social ranks! The countenance of the polite was withdrawn from her, and she was left with only half a thousand friends, who, though not criminally bad nor wretchedly poor, did not belong to the high estate.

She weeded these, and found herself possessed finally of the good graces of a hundred generals, India merchants, and doctors of divinity, and their wives and daughters, and she consoled herself for her long abstinence from the delights of the field and table by immersing all these by twos and threes in a sea of pleasure.

She carried on parties, balls, and *fêtes*, with the assistance of two poor but polished relatives, the Bertheaus, man and wife; and, like a child that explodes its last balloon in the endeavor to make it as large as all those that have burst before, she stretched her resources, and, in spite of the prayers and expostulations of her clerk, gave one last extravagant folly.

The bubble justly broke, and madame, repentant and disheveled, felt the pitiless excoiating administered by the under-stewards and book-keepers, who, armed with tales of deficits proved by figures, came to explain why

it was that they could not yield up another hot-house flower or another quarter of sheep. There was a peculiar earthiness about this trouble that shocked madame wonderfully. She had encountered numberless difficulties in her life, but they had always contained elements of politeness, and had never brought her to consider the first conditions. Therefore, she was now terrified beyond measure, and she besought the grave accountants for a few weeks' grace.

Having had their wits trained to an inordinate excess by the long-continued making of the silk purse out of the sow's ear, they puzzled awhile, and then bowed and retired.

Madame had one faithful ear into which she poured her joys and griefs. Socrate—so named for the gravity of his demeanor, and for the sterling sense that he always inspired in those that consulted him—was a cockatoo of great age, having been brought from Florida, seventy years before, by the fugitive family.

The afflicted lady now sought the sage, and, with her tears raining upon his plumed head, and with her fair fingers caught in the gilded bars of his cage, she described her woes, and sought from the solemn pet a balm for her wounds.

She received it. The interview fortified her, and she retired to reflect. A few days passed, as they pass after a battle, in counting heads and ammunition. Madame reformed her disturbed equanimity, and encouraged the growth of a defiance to suspicious and interrogating society.

It was then the most soft and gentle summer weather. The fields were fresh and green, the gardens were brilliant, and the great arms of the windmills upon the low mounts far off to the north went sailing heavily round and round in the tender breezes, and their gay flags streamed out from the masts of the immense ships in the distant harbor.

Madame, having acted upon the determination engendered by her talk with her confidant, once more approached Socrate on the morning of a fine day, and, with a face embalmed in smiles, seated herself beside him in the beautiful room in which he was commonly to be found.

"Socrate," said she, presenting her delicate cheek—"Socrate, kiss me. Our device is about to be tested. They are to arrive within an hour. You surely are not surprised! How can you be when it was you, my oracle, that made the plan? Besides, you must have seen that this house has been put into better order, and there has been a furious scouring going on about you. Even you, Socrate, have been provided with better dishes for your food, so scrupulous have we been to make all things clean.

"Who are they that are coming? Oh, old friends. You have seen them partaking of my wine in this very room, and they are of gentle descent.

"First, there is Adrian Crownsworth, an owner of ships and vast estates, and with him there will be his daughter Polly, a maiden, whose fame for beauty must have reached even your grave and doubting ears. The third figure will be Lucius Aytoun, a severe

gallant, who favored the king, and with him will come his son Hereford, who is the approved lover of Polly. These lovers will be so intent upon seizing the opportunities that I will take care to provide, that they will be blinded to my winning courtesies to the septuagenaries. You look puzzled, my dear Socrate. I have confused you by speaking in the plural. Let me admit that I have no choice between the two gentlemen. I have caused strict inquiries to be made as to their relative wealth and social claims, and I find that the merchant has so large a surplus in pounds and pence, that he becomes equal in my eyes to the royalist who had a duke among his ancestors.

"Yes, Socrate, it is to one of these two personages that I must bow my head. I must once more humble myself. The dreary prospect of a crippled *ménage* and half-starved lands is more appalling to me than are the agitations that must be caused by a new husband. I must unlock my heart; I must take down from their dusty recesses the charms that I once wielded with such deadly sweetness. O Socrate, how I trust you! How surely does my heart fly to you in my moments of doubt and discomfort! You are an observer. You are wise and inscrutable. I dare not trust my good aunt or my good uncle, for they babble like brooks. But you, my pet, are infallible; you have heard too much plotting, and seen too much deception, to be easily cheated yourself. Socrate, tell me, I implore you, that I have not so lost what Nature gave me, that to smile and sing once more will only be to mock my years!—tell me that I am yet ardent, yet fit to be endeared and caressed. Look into my eyes and say if you can perceive their brightness; say if I cannot whisper as sweetly as I did in my girlhood! Ah, Socrate, how I thank you! Your kiss is warm, you encourage me!

"In an hour, in an instant, even, they may be here. They will come in elegance, and they must live in elegance, even though my wine-cellar is empty, though my cook is rebellious, and though my credit among the shopkeepers has changed color and grown pale! And reflect, Socrate, upon my critical position! Behold me, the once famous belle and *bonne partie*, reduced to ply her arts to keep a roof over her head and a few dishes on her table! Suppose that my long line of ancestors should happen to get together and gossip, what a fine figure they would make of me! O Socrate, Socrate, no wonder that you stare—no wonder that your neck ruffles and your feathers droop! the world is turned upside-down, and—hark! wheels! Socrate, they have come! Let us be courageous, and do not let us forget to smile. Socrate, one more kiss, and then adieu!"

There was a great hurly-burly before the porch of the mansion; all the visitors came at once.

Adrian Crownsworth rode in a lofty, swinging, yellow-wheeled cabriolet, with its top thrown down, and its dasher lowered, and his daughter sat beside him. He wore a gay-colored coat, a powdered wig, and ruffles, and she was radiant in a white-sprayed muslin and a Navarino hat, with a wide brim. The black postillion gored his horses into a dance,

and a footman clung desperately on behind. The two Aytouns, father and son, rode horseback in the rear, and they both took good care to make their beasts prance about before the famous temple of fashion and fine repute.

Bertheau, with his thin legs, ran out at the head of the servants and welcomed the quartet informally, and, when his fair consort in her cap and flounces made her genial appearance, there was a tempest of welcoming.

The Aytouns and the Crownsworths, although they had ridden from town in company, took occasion to salute each other once again. The two elders shook hands heartily, while the two youths bowed and courtesied with a gravity and demureness that would have become them had they been enemies. Half an hour later, they were conducted before madame. She wore brocade, and her hair was piled high upon her head. Her full, dark, oval face, with its soft eyes, rounded chin, and smiling mouth, besieged the two old gentlemen at once, and it made the young one stare. They kissed her hand, and she then caught Polly in her arms and pressed her lips to her forehead.

She led them gayly through a lofty doorway to a broad, smooth, shaded lawn, where there was an exquisite table set with silver and old china. They put their old-fashioned heads together and, making a board of gossip, reveled for an hour in the affairs of other people.

Crownsworth had a thin, square face, a tall figure, and a voice that was unusually tender. Madame listened with pleasure to this voice, and took care to beam whenever she heard it.

Aytoun was also tall. He was handsome, rather florid, and he possessed that facile mobility of feature which enabled him to seem to reflect every sentiment of those that spoke to him. It was his instinct to fall at the feet of all beautiful women. Consequently he yielded, or pretended to yield, to this woman, who was unusually beautiful.

The venerable heroes, expert in all the methods of social warfare, and profoundly alive to the excitements thereof, at once fell into attitudes, if one may say so; and madame, quite as keen and observing as they was not so dull as to miss what had taken place. The proof of the antagonism of the two gentlemen lay in a sudden accession to the suavity and civility of their intercourse. They bowed, agreed, and listened to each other with a patience that was far from human. Hereford Aytoun, graceful and powerful as Antinous, with finer features than his father's, with the richest coat and lace in the company, and with a happier fate than any other man in the world, threw in a scrap of wit now and then, and got a joyous reward from the blushing tea-drinker on the other side of the table. She was all love. Her cheeks were nothing but blushes. According to the strict fashion of the time she had a fringe of hair falling in natural locks over her forehead, and when her ingenuous eyes came up from the depths of her cup, and looked out through these, they carried fire into the very recesses of Hereford's soul. These two talked to each other by talking to everybody else. Each

found occult meanings in all that the other said. If one said "Yes" the other smiled, and, appropriating the syllable, found enormous satisfaction in it. If the other said "No," the partner in the interchange of poetry would sigh, and feel that life were full of delicious things. Madame, possessing a sharp and active wit, and the most perfect tact, together with a constant determination to lead all conversation into predetermined channels, was a most brilliant hostess. She knew that she must make haste. She had the shadow of the impending evil perpetually before her, and she felt that it might be fatal to waste an incident or a minute.

She displayed the beauty of the landscape that lay before her eyes, and she, melting visibly under her own (carefully) disjointed eloquence, compelled all her listeners to melt too, and they sat and gazed attentively while their entertainer described the bucolic charms of her surroundings.

"It would be hard for you, my dear Polly," said she, "to enter into such a life as mine. One craves the city until one is thirty. After that age is attained the spirit loves gentler pleasures, and it is to us that Nature whispers her tenderest and most delicate secrets;" and she looked fraternally at the two vicillards.

It was an intended stroke. By it she plainly shut herself off from all sympathy with the young people, and classed herself among the elders. It was an act that filled each of them with delight, and at the same time with resolves to make the most of it.

"Madame," said Aytoun, rising, "I am already a farmer. But I reproach myself that I know so little of my profession. You can teach me—"

"And me, too," said Crownsworth, also gaining his feet. "I was about to propose what I know was on the end of Mr. Aytoun's tongue. Will you not take us for a stroll in your gardens, madame? I assure you that it would be a great kindness to us. Your lands are fertile and very beautiful."

"You are right, sir," added Aytoun, with great serenity. "I have never seen a finer prospect than this. Permit me, madame, to assist you."

"Permit me."

She permitted neither. She ignored both the extended hands.

They went into the gardens, and they made a fine scene with their gay attire amid the hypotheated walks and groves. Madame, flanked by the two gentlemen, went on in advance of the young people, and the young people were sufficiently glad thereof. The Bertheaus hovered about in the region in order that society need not query, and all were contented.

Hereford pointed out the group from an eminence. It was represented by three small heads (close together), a patch of violet, a patch of Isabel-brown, a patch of crimson, and four white-stockinged legs moving along in a leisurely manner.

"I suppose, Polly," said he, "that they are happy in their way."

"Yes," she replied, with a compassionate sigh, "poor people, I really suppose that they are."

Madame sought Socrate at the eve of that day. She was radiant.

"Socrate," cried she, with a trace of sinister timbre in her voice, "my possibilities are great. I am full of hope. I have been in a capital mood all day long, and have arranged the pieces on the board with great precision. Crownsworth and Aytoun, who have hitherto been the greatest friends, are now amiable (most amiable) rivals. Each has a fervid regard for the wealth of the other, and each sees in the union of the two children a possible enhancement (in case of the death of the other) of his own high position. This is a feature in the complication of matters, Socrate, that I naturally dread. I not only have to bring one of the two gentlemen to my feet, but I must also alienate him from his desire for property. It is a great task—but I am progressing in it. This evening I shall be gay while we are gathered together. To-morrow I shall begin to treat each principal separately, and probably with more gravity and depth of feeling. And I think, Socrate, that were it not for the issues involved, I should enter upon such a battle with the utmost delight. Think of holding one's sentiments, and features, and graces in one's hand, to be dealt out now and then, and here and there, as the occasion requires! Think of keeping at a delicate poise ready to tilt either way, and then back again to suit the breeze that happens then to be blowing! I have often described to you the great delight I find when playing double—think of the pleasure to be had when playing treble and quadruple! I see in your profound face, Socrate, a serious questioning. 'How do we subsist?—whence come the fruits, the wines, the meats, the flowers, the confections?' Socrate—listen—I have pried two diamonds from out the necklace—the old Huguenot necklace—ah—do not ruffle so! Do not pick at me, Socrate!—Would you have been content to starve for pride's sake?—You are wrong to show temper to me, Socrate. I am an actor, you are but a looker-on. I seem gay to your eyes, but I am filled with anxiety lest I may be ruined by the tangles and confusions that are shortly to come. Every one will be arrayed against every one else, and the air that now is calm and tranquil will soon be filled with suspicions and antagonisms.—Adieu, Socrate, once more; to-night we play whist, and with my last packs of English cards. Do not scream too loudly if you see me mark the points with louis d'or—you must teach yourself in these days not to be honest. A little frankness from you would ruin us. Once more, my pet, adieu."

To help out the whist-tables, a brigadier of the Revolution and his wife and daughter were asked from town, and they came in a blue coach. Madame suddenly pressed her hands together and accused herself of short-sightedness. It appeared that with the Bertheaus there were only enough people to form two parties.

"Ah, dear Hereford!" cried she, in charming distress, "I must surrender you. I had counted upon your skill for assistance. But will you not play piquet with Polly? Look, there is a fine table close be-

side the window; at nine there will be a moon."

The young man bore this infringement of his rights with equanimity. He and his partner sidled off and sat under two flaring girandoles, while the gay and chattering elders gathered about their boards and became silent. The wood-work of the room was dark, the floor was highly polished, and the mantels and tables were covered with that quaint *bric-à-brac* that we crave so madly in these sentimental days. All the gentlemen wore rings and bags, lace at their wrists, embroidered waistcoats, black-silk small-clothes, and silk stockings. The ladies wore pearls upon their white necks, light dresses of muslin, and in the intervals of the game they babbled in French, high politeness at that time forbidding the use of the mother-tongue except when it was necessary to say something.

The tall candle-flames threw a flickering light upon the three groups, and brilliant reflections of all things appeared on the floor.

Madame played with the brigadier, knowing that there were many more chances for exchange of civilities with opponents than with a partner.

She played skillfully to please Aytoun; and she smiled at defeat to please Crownsworth. Both now knew her to be an admirable woman.

At ten o'clock the brigadier made a blunder, as brigadiers sometimes do. He played a knave in the place of a king. Instantly his muscular hand came down upon it to reclaim it.

"Pardon me, my dear general," cried both opponents at once.

"Ah, gentlemen! be generous," murmured the hostess, bringing all her beauty to bear.

"Madame," replied Aytoun, with a fiery incense, "are we not playing *whist*?"

"But the general's whist is, no doubt, the game they play in camp—a little freer than ours."

"Does the general, when in the field, forbear, out of politeness, to crush an enemy's regiment when by mistake it has been advanced in place of a brigade?"

"No, I trust not; but, at the same time, he never would claim a victory after a battle begun in such a manner."

"I yield, madame!" cried Crownsworth.

"And so do I," echoed Aytoun.

"And so do I," said the brigadier, with a little thunder in his voice.

Madame went to her harp at once, and, sitting down, wrought a little sweetness, and the three gentlemen became as cooing pigeons. They turned in their tall chairs, and gazed with rapt expressions upon the fair-armed player. While she was singing, madame said to herself: "The merchant is full of sentiment. The other admires my wit and readiness. I think I will take the former's arm for a stroll in the moonlight if he offers it, which he shall do."

Aytoun asked the brigadier's daughter, the brigadier asked Peggy Aytoun, Hereford besought the brigadiers, who was much more of a soldier than her husband, and they all went forth into the long, tree-grown walks, the Bertheaus lingering discreetly behind.

Aytoun had one eye for the beauties of the moonlit landscape, and one for the attitudes of Crownsworth, who, though severely erect for the first quarter of an hour, soon began to curve to the left, and to so overhang his companion. He talked of the poetry of old Waller, then of the novels of Richardson, and then of the charms of living. It was when he arrived at this point that he bent over madame's figure. She sighed and inclined her head. The old gentleman's heart began to beat furiously. She felt the disturbance beneath his coat as she held his arm, and she led him, with a smile, back to the Bertheaus.

"Ah," said Crownsworth to himself, "I am getting on rapidly," and he grew younger by ten years.

Aytoun came up, his gold-embroidered waistcoat glittering in the light. He was all dignity. He observed Crownsworth's improved spirits, and he took fire. He was an intrepid man, and he could use bold measures. He was an amateur astronomer, and while in the presence of some billions of stars it was easy to stimulate a curiosity in a knot of people. Madame was profoundly inquisitive. Aytoun, with a supreme grace, begged to lead her to a terrace a hundred yards distant, where there was a wide prospect. She eagerly accepted, and begged the rest to follow. The *cortège* trailed off once more, rustling and sweeping, and Crownsworth felt a dagger in his heart.

II.

THE WATER GROWS MURKY.

POLLY AYTOUN, aroused from her dreams of heaven by her separation from Hereford, became intelligent out of sheer adversity, and a sudden thrill shot through her frame at beholding the star-gazers at their delightful pastime. Her father, with his jeweled hand raised in the air, was pouring down into madame's ear a flood of poetized science, and she, thoroughly comprehending the sentiment, and delightfully mystified by the learning, did what all lovely women do whenever they have an opportunity—to wit, put up her face.

The younger lady recognized this act as an effective arm in the vast warfare of her sex upon mankind. She had often employed it with striking effect herself, and it startled her to see it leveled at her prospective father. There could be no question about the intent of the combined pose and look. It had but one interpretation, and it was employed but for one purpose.

She got Hereford's ear as soon as possible. He laughed at her notion.

"She wish to marry!" cried he. "No, no, she is merely amusing herself as your good father and my good father are both amusing themselves."

"Are you sure?" asked the tearful maiden, brightening in a flash. It was a charming thing that she could so unload her grief in an instant. Her lover had only to say that black was white, and she believed him. His assertion calmed her, while, on the contrary, her assertion disturbed him. He began, as they say of children, "to take notice."

The brigadier and his wife, experienced as they were in the ways of gallants (they had tried for five good years to obtain a husband for their daughter), perceived the situation at a glance, and carried the tale into town, whence it was borne to New York on the next day in at least fifty letters—the item read in the main in this fashion: "The Delmé has inveigled Messrs. Aytoun and Crownsworth into her country-house, and no man can say which of the two may escape." Madame, at the beginning of the fourth day, once more sought her confidant. She had the elevated and gracious repose of one who has naught to do but to turn down her thumb to effect her object.

"Socrate," said she, resting easily in her chair, with her left hand in her lap, her right moving a feather-fan, and her head turned over her shoulder—"Socrate, my mind is at rest, and I owe it to you to detail my present position in order that your anxiety may also take wings to itself and fly away. I have been able to arrive at this important decision: the attentions that are paid to me are those of men who intend to marry. That, I know, is a rude method of expressing the idea, but, as you have not yet acquired the niceties of our tongue, you must be content with plain language. You must have divined that there existed at first a reasonable doubt as to the intents of my two friends. I felt this, and it became an object of my best skill to discover their real purposes, after my smiles had begun to do their work. I have succeeded. It seems to me to be very clear. The question now changes its complexion; it is no longer, 'Shall I succeed with either?' It is, 'Which of the two is worthy of me?' The merchant has a soul, while the aristocrat has a head. One would adore me, while the other would reverence me; one would be my slave, while the other would be my companion. You observe, Socrate, that either of the attitudes would delight me, inasmuch as both have certain substantial qualities behind. I am now able to look over the field with a calm and tranquil eye. I am not disturbed; I have only to select, to decide. As Madame Crownsworth, I fancy that I should christen a ship now and then; or, as Madame Aytoun, I suppose I should read verses until the end of my days. *N'importe!*" Madame laughed more musically than ever, and Socrate descended from his hoop to bite companionably at the fan which she extended toward him.

Meanwhile, the septuagenarians conversed together in one of the broad walks that stretched away to the west through the flat and fragrant gardens. Each had a black, gold-headed cane, which he carried lightly in his hands behind his back. They walked on side by side, with their heads slightly bent, profoundly courteous, and at the same time profoundly acute.

"I think you just mentioned Madame Delmé, my dear Crownsworth," said Aytoun. "I confess that she interests me."

"Interests you?"

Crownsworth raised his eyebrows. He was on the defensive. Aytoun had thought to develop his rival's position by a make-believe frankness. Thinking, however, that

he was in error, he retired with a clap into his shell like a snail.

"Well, no; perhaps I should hardly say 'interests me.' Let me amend it; I will say 'pleases me.'"

Crownsworth remained silent. Aytoun suffered the pains of the outwitted, and he chafed. After a moment (Crownsworth still remaining mute), Aytoun was driven to make a fair assault. He said:

"And does she not please you?"

"Please me, my dear Aytoun? She charms me!"

This was defeat number two. Aytoun grasped his cane behind his back, but still preserved a genial look.

"Ah, she is indeed charming. I regret that my spirit is not as fresh and impressionable as yours, for I envy you the emotions that you experience."

"You are right. They are delightful beyond measure."

Crownsworth looked in transport over the wide domain.

Aytoun bit his lips. Even in this short colloquy he had fallen into a false relation—that of disinterested spectator. The other, on the contrary, had achieved eminence as a self-acknowledged admirer of madame, and was intrenched in his place. Aytoun felt diminished and barred out.

This did not suit a man of his spirit, and so he began once again, this time with great care. He drove a mine into Crownsworth's position by saying, gently:

"Yet, even were I granted a young man's tenderness of heart, I fear that I should dread to trust myself near the brink, as you do, Crownsworth. I have not your coolness. I could not restrain myself so admirably."

Then he blew the position up by adding:

"And, besides, I have a calculating temper that forces me to suspect unreality where there seems to be joy. Were I by accident to drop over the precipice into love, I should tremble eternally lest there should come a flood of gall that should sweep me away."

Crownsworth, dreading to be thought less discriminating than his friend, hastened to protest:

"But—but I am not in love."

Aytoun, taking no apparent notice of the assertion, said, with a tone and look that was ingenuousness itself:

"We are companions, Crownsworth. We were young children together, and we are now old children together. Most things affect us similarly. A look from tender eyes still affords me delight, and a touch of a woman's hand still animates a chivalrous feeling in my breast. I—"

"And it does in mine," interpolated Crownsworth, with some little haste.

"Yes, no doubt," returned Aytoun. "I was about to include you. If I encounter a spirit that communicates a little warmth to my chilled life, I cleave to it. If I find, incorporated with this spirit, a stimulating wit and a quick intelligence, the desire to associate myself with it is almost irresistible. I—"

"It is so with me!" cried the other; "it is precisely so with me, I assure you!"

"Yes, yes, no doubt, no doubt!" re-

turned Aytoun. "It only proves what I said a moment ago, i. e., that we are similar to each other, and that our interests are identical. I find myself strangely contented, for instance, under madame's roof." Crowns-worth nodded, but he could not get the re-entry. Aytoun led him as effectually as one leads a bull with a ring in his nostrils. "I find here a calm and polite repose."

"Yes, I agree."

"A genial supervision of my pleasures and employments."

"I have remarked that in my own case. I—"

"Also an adaptation of hours and amusements to my particular wants such as I never have before enjoyed. Besides this, my stay thus far has been rendered peculiarly enjoyable by the very delicate attention that has been paid to my epicurean tastes."

"Bless me! I was on the point of making the same observation. I have only to hint that I have at some time enjoyed this dish or that, when I am astonished to find that it appears at the very next dinner.—Don't you recall, dear Aytoun, the *sauce piquante* that was served with the salmon the day before yesterday? That was made after a recipe of my own."

"Yes—no—I'm not sure. But, at any rate, you would hardly believe that madame sent to town last night to get the materials for that little Spanish confection that we had for lunch to-day? I merely whispered a description of it at the card-table, and she treasured it up in order to make me a surprise."

"Ah!" (reflectively).

"Yes, I assure you."

"Well?"

"That it was true."

"Oh, no doubt. But my head was running for the moment upon the delicious dish of calves' brains that—"

"My suggestion!" cried Aytoun, triumphantly.

"Your suggestion! Pardon me, dear friend, it was *mine*. Madame clapped her hands at the idea."

"Crowns-worth, you are in error."

Aytoun stopped and fixed his eyes upon his companion. Crowns-worth, in no wise daunted, returned a kindling look. At this instant a spaniel bored his way through the tulips and barked furiously at the pair. They looked around and saw madame and the Bertheaus coming down the sunlit path. She was radiant, and she beamed with youth and gayety. She saw in an instant that antagonism had broken out. She consequently became more charming than ever, and she bestowed on each of the rivals secret consolations in glances that made them merry again, and restored their gracious behavior.

They assumed to entertain for each other a warmer regard than ever, and at no time in their long intercourse had their bows and genuflections been more graceful than they were at that particular moment.

Forty-eight hours later, Polly Crowns-worth, who had been on the lookout from the lofty watch-tower of her suspicions, flew to Hereford, who was writing poetry in an arbor. She was on fire with excitement.

"Hereford! Hereford!" she cried, clasp-

ing her hands to her heart; don't you see what is going on?" And she sat herself down in the most ravishing excitement. Her dark eyes sparkled, and there was a lively color over all her face. "This place is only a trap for a husband. Madame Delmé has so tangled our two poor fathers that one of them is sure to be caught."

The young man was the picture of astonishment. Although his suspicions had been awakened, madame, having perceived the fact, had allayed them by discreet conduct while in his presence. It took a woman to detect her.

Still, the matter, as the young lady described it, had an amusing side. Hereford laughed. The other flamed up.

"What, sir, is it possible that this is agreeable news to you?"

"But you say that *both* are tangled. Had the catastrophe happened to but one, I should be indignant; but—"

"But now that she has her choice, and is almost ready to make her selection—you—"

Here came the tears and plenty of them. This was active war, and Hereford became grave and attentive.

Miss Polly unfolded her budget and took out sundry odd and startling items. With her lips close to Hereford's ear, and with her eyes fixed on his changing face, she described her wares, and noted the effects that she produced. Stories of lavish smiles and glances, delivered with deep designs; of a thousand compliments and favoritisms that could have had but a single purpose; of half-sly meetings and confidences; of subtle flatteries; of over-tender sympathies; of shrewdly-offered opinions nicely trimmed to suit the ear that listened; and of persistent employment of all the charms of dress and manner that could stir the admiration; together with a hundred other proofs and corroborations, constituted the burden that Miss Polly threw off her shoulders.

"She marry my father!" cried Hereford, with mingled fury and perplexity.

"Or *mine*!" sobbed the other.

They sat for a while silently considering the danger that impended.

"Why do we not go away?" asked the young man.

"Alas, why?" returned Miss Polly, clinching her hand upon her lap. "Neither of our brave heroes has the courage or discretion to fly. Besides, there is such a jealousy between them that either would lose his right hand rather than abandon the field to the other."

"Jealousy?"

"O Hereford! what a child you are—jealousy! They are being devoured with jealousy! They watch each other like two angry cockerels. When one moves the other moves. When one takes breath the other follows suit. It was only two days ago that they began to suspect each other. At any signal from our hostess, either of them would throw himself at her feet."

"What do you tell me?" Hereford leaped from his seat; but the arbor was small, and he was soon obliged to sit down again. He flew into a rage, and he and his sweetheart stormed in unison for fully an hour.

Then Miss Polly led up to the question of remedies. She had an idea, she said; but the more he urged her to detail it the more reluctance she showed. She uttered a few words and then stopped. This was repeated several times. Finally, Hereford lost as much patience as one could with so charming a maiden. At this she choked back her rising tears, clinched her hands anew, gave him a long, full look, and then said:

"Make love to her yourself!"

Hereford was so loyal to Polly that he was not conscious of any danger in the proposition; therefore, seeing nothing but the humor of it, he began to laugh again.

Upon this, the cause of the young woman's reluctance to speak came out. She was afraid that she should lose her lover at the hands of the all-potent Circe. She insisted that she should, and she wept upon Hereford's shoulder for a while, after the manner of those that are to take eternal leave.

When she came to her senses, they debated the manner of procedure:

"When ought I to begin?"

"Pretty soon—now—at once."

"And I had better be fervent?"

"Yes—no; well, at least it won't do to be cool."

"But how shall we arrange about our affection for each other?"

"Q—quarrel."

"Very well; but do you comprehend the danger I run? I enter the lists as an opponent to your father. I shall become his rival. What, then, is to prevent me from being torn away from you? He will find me to be his greatest enemy, and it is not likely that he will relish any further devotion to one of his flesh and blood."

Polly stared, and grew pale.

"It really seems," continued Hereford, "that you are called upon to make a choice between a husband and a parent. And, now that I think of it, I shall be certain to embroil myself with my own father. He will be certain to disinherit me if I interfere with his projects. But, in case I do not interfere with the designs of either, they are sure to quarrel when madame chooses between them, and the force of their animosity will certainly fall upon us. Therefore, it is painfully clear to me that we are to be separated in any event. What do you think?"

Miss Polly rallied, and unrolled her lace handkerchief, while her tear-bedewed eyes, stretched to their widest extent, looked off upon distance.

Here was wretchedness with a vengeance.

Hereford, fully realizing the seriousness of the position, saw at a glance that it was one of those cases in which the knife must be applied and the chances taken. He wondered if the shuddering Polly would take the same view.

She did, in a voice that trembled like a child's:

"Hereford, we must go on at any risk. I know that we shall arouse bitter feelings, and that the tempest that will follow will be hard—very hard, for me—for us—to bear. But we should be great cowards to withhold our hands on that account. You must do what you can, and I will keep a brave face; for, al-

though I know that it will only be a disguise that you will assume, yet it will half break my heart to see you wear it."

They clasped their hands between them, and, looking separate ways toward the ground, steeled themselves against all weaknesses for the present and the thereafter.

The rapid relation of this minor history compels one to detail only the salient facts in it, and to use such incidents as may happen to be representatives of what really occurred.

Two days later madame once more sought Socrate. She had lost her brilliancy, and was thoughtful, if not sad. She slowly seated herself, and, with her head resting upon her hand, gazed at her pet with a mournful tenderness.

"Socrate," said she, "how often do people deceive themselves by abandoning what belongs to youth and adopting the reflections of age! One often discerns real gayety and freshness in friends who have attained middle life, yet, upon inquiry, it appears that they are already dreaming of death and of their angel-life. Even you, who are nearly eighty years of age, frequently show signs of frivolity, and yet I have no doubt that you dream that you have done with life, and have no further concern with the world. I cannot upbraid you, Socrate, for I myself committed the identical fault—but I am wiser than you in detecting the wrong. I had thought that the springs of my affections were dry, or, at best, embittered. To my surprise, I find that I am wrong, and that they flow as freely and as sweetly as ever. Whose hand struck the rock? O Socrate, do not dream that it was one of those two that are withered and enfeebled! Remember that it requires a hand of flesh and a heart of fire to brush away a dam of cynicisms and calculations such as choked the current of my love! Reflect—ah, your head rises! You comprehend! We understand each other. O Socrate, it is exquisite to know that my heart can beat a little faster at the sound of a certain step, and that my voice may not always be full when it is compelled to make soft replies! Has he left her? No, no, Socrate. He still walks with her and chats with her, but I feel a fierce delight in the knowledge that his kinder and gentler words are kept for me. Oh, he is a true lover! He makes haste. He hesitates at nothing. He comes on with fire in his eyes and with eager words on his lips. He is manly, beautiful, chivalrous! And yet, Socrate, let us think a little—let us reflect. He is poor, and a rivalry with his father will not tend to make him richer. How like an iceberg does that thought seem! I am worse than poor, and the joining of two poor persons is not a union, but a collision. Destruction follows it. But my love—must that go for naught? Must I once more stifle my better nature, and trade with my worse? Socrate, Socrate, your mistress is in a plight that should wring tears of compassion from even your dead and filmy eyes! Which shall I take—love and impoverishment, or regard and comfort? It is equally difficult to abandon my heart and to abandon my wardrobe. I rest in the balance, Socrate—I appeal to you. You preserve a Delphine silence! Am

I to interpret it to mean that you feel scorn for my sense or my sensibilities? Which step will prove me to be weak—the one that leads to the content of my soul or the one which leads to the satisfaction of my worldliness? That is a fair query, my dear Socrate. But would it not be wrong to force a decision now? Let us wait and see what events will bring forth. Many events have yet to happen, and a resolve may still be had without striving for it. Socrate, once more I implore your best wishes. You see your mistress in a strange mood. I do not recall that love's melancholy has attacked me for many a long year until now, and I revel in the joyful sadness. Kiss me, Socrate—on the cheek, rascal! not the lips—they are maiden's lips once more, and so I'll hold them until—Socrate, in haste, farewell!"

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

PASSAGES FROM THE GREVILLE JOURNALS.

II.

MACKINTOSH AND MOORE.

November 12 (1839).—At Southampton at Lord Clifden's from Tuesday, the 10th, till today; Sir James Mackintosh, Moore, Poodle Byng, and the Master of the Rolls. It was uncommonly agreeable. I never was in Mackintosh's society for so long before, and never was more filled with admiration. His prodigious memory and the variety and extent of his information remind me of all I have heard and read of Burke and Johnson; but his amiable, modest, and unassuming character makes him far more agreeable than they could either of them (particularly Johnson) have been, while he is probably equally instructive and amusing. Not a subject could be mentioned of which he did not treat with equal facility and abundance, from the Council of Trent to Voltaire's epistles; every subject, every character, every work, all were familiar to him, and I do not know a greater treat than to hear him talk.

Mackintosh said he was a great reader of novels; had read "Old Mortality" four times in English and once in French. Ellis said he preferred Miss Austen's novels to Scott's. Talked of the old novelists—Fielding, little read now, Smollett less; Mackintosh is a great admirer of Swift, and does not think his infamous conduct to Vanessa quite made out. Talked of the articles of our religion, and said that they were in almost exact conformity with certain doctrines laid down in the Council of Trent. The Jansenites differ very little from our Church, except as to the doctrine of the Real Presence. Speaking of India, Mackintosh said that it was very remarkable that we had lost one great empire and gained another in the same generation, and that it was still a moot point whether the one really was a gain or the other a loss. Called America the second maritime power. Franklin wept when he quitted England. When he signed the treaty at Paris, he retired for a moment and changed his coat. It was remarked, and he said he had been to put on the coat in which he had been insulted by Lord Loughborough at the English Council Board. Madame de Staël, he said, was more agreeable in *tête-à-tête* than in society; she despised her children, and said, "Ils ne me ressemblent pas." He

told her she did not do them justice, particularly her daughter. She said, "C'est une lune bien pâle." She took an aversion to Rogers, but when she met him at Bowood, and he told her anecdotes, she liked him. She had vanquished Brougham, and was very proud of those conquests.

Moore told several stories which I don't recollect, but this amused us: Some Irish had emigrated to some West Indian colony; the negroes soon learned their brogue, and when another ship-load of Irish came soon after, the negroes as they sailed in said, "Ah, Paddy, how are you?" "Oh, Christ!" said one of them, "what, ye're become black already!"

Moore, without displaying the astonishing knowledge of Mackintosh, was very full of information, gayety, and humor. Two more delightful days I never passed. I could not help reflecting what an extraordinary thing success is in this world, when a man so gifted as Mackintosh has failed completely in public life, never having attained honors, reputation, or wealth, while so many ordinary men have reaped an abundant harvest of all. What a consolation this affords to mediocrity! None can approach Mackintosh without admiring his extraordinary powers, and at the same time wondering why they have not produced greater effects in the world either of literature or politics. His virtues are obstacles to his success; he has not the art of pushing or of making himself feared; he is too *douceur* and complimentary, and from some accident or defect in the composition of his character, and in the course of events which have influenced his circumstances, he has always been civilly neglected.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

January 9 (1830).—Yesterday morning died Sir Thomas Lawrence after a very short illness. Few people knew he was ill before they heard he was dead. He was *longi primus* of all living painters, and has left no one fit to succeed him in the chair of the Royal Academy. Lawrence was about sixty, very like Canning in appearance, remarkably gentlemanlike with very mild manners, though rather too *douceur*, agreeable in society, unassuming, and not a great talker; his mind was highly cultivated, he had a taste for every kind of literature, and was enthusiastically devoted to his art; he was very industrious, and painted an enormous number of portraits, but many of his later works are still unfinished, and great complaints used to be made of his exacting either the whole or half payment when he began a picture, but that when he had got the money he could never be prevailed on to complete it. Although he is supposed to have earned enormous sums by his paintings, he has always been a distressed man, without any visible means of expense, except a magnificent collection of drawings by the ancient masters, said to be the finest in the world, and procured at great cost. He was, however, a generous patron of young artists of merit and talent. It was always said that he lost money at play, but this assertion seems to have proceeded more from the difficulty of reconciling his pecuniary embarrassments with his enormous profits than from any proof of the fact. He was a great courtier, and is said to have been so devoted to the king that he would not paint anybody who was personally obnoxious to his majesty; but I do not believe this is true. He is an irreparable loss; since Sir Joshua there has been no painter like him; his portraits as pictures I think are not nearly so fine as Sir Joshua's, but as likenesses many of them are quite perfect. Moore's was the

last portrait he painted, and Miss Kemble's his last drawing.

WILLIAM IV.

July 19th.—The new king began very well. Everybody expected he would keep the ministers in office, but he threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Wellington with the strongest expressions of confidence and esteem. He proposed to all the household, as well as to the members of government, to keep their places, which they all did except Lord Conyngham and the Duke of Montrose. He soon after, however, dismissed most of the equestrians, that he might fill their places with the members of his own family. Of course such a king wanted not due praise, and plenty of anecdotes were raked up of his former generosity and kindnesses. His first speech to the Council was well enough given, but his burlesque character began even then to show itself. Nobody expected from him much real grief, and he does not seem to know how to act it consistently; he spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and subdued, but just afterward, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration, he said, in his usual tone, "This is a damned bad pen you have given me." My worthy colleague, Mr. James Buller, began to swear privy councillors in the name of "King George IV.—William I mean," to the great diversion of the Council.

A few days after my return I was sworn in, all the ministers and some others being present. His majesty presided very decently, and looked like a respectable old admiral. The duke (of Wellington) told me he was delighted with him—"If I had been able to deal with my late master as I do with my present, I should have got on much better"—that he was so reasonable and tractable, and that he had done more business with him in ten minutes than with the other in as many days. . . .

At the late king's funeral he behaved with great indecency. That ceremony was very well managed, and a fine sight, the military part particularly, and the guards were magnificent. The attendance was not very numerous, and when they had all got together in St. George's Hall a gayer company I never beheld; with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The king was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, if not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the dean's stall, shook him heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. He had previously gone as chief mourner to sit for an hour at the head of the body as it lay in state, and he walked in procession with his household to the apartment. I saw him pass from behind the screen. . . .

The king's good-nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him, are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of king, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Chesterfield went to Bushy to kiss his hand, and be presented to the queen, he found Sir John and Lady Gore there luncheon, and when they went away the king called for their carriage, handed Lady Gore into it, and stood at the door to see them off. When Lord

Howe came over from Twickenham, to see him, he said the queen was going out driving, and should "drop him" at his own house. The queen, they say, is by no means delighted at her elevation. She likes quiet and retirement and Bushy (of which the king has made her ranger), and does not want to be a queen. However, "l'appétit viendra en mangeant." He says he does not want luxury and magnificence, has slept in a cot, and he has dismissed the king's cooks, "renversé la marmite." He keeps the stud (which is to be diminished) because he thinks he ought to support the turf. He has made Mount Charles a lord of the bedchamber, and given the robes to Sir C. Pole, an admiral. Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad may make a very decent king, but he exhibits oddities.

JOHN STUART MILL.

November 15th.—Yesterday morning I breakfasted with Taylor to meet Southey: the party was Southey; Strutt, member for Derby, a Radical; young Mill, a political economist; Charles Villiers, young Elliot, and myself. Southey is remarkably pleasing in his manner and appearance, unaffected, unassuming, and agreeable; at least, such was my impression for the hour or two I saw him. Young Mill is the son of Mill who wrote the "History of British India," and said to be cleverer than his father. He has written many excellent articles in reviews, pamphlets, etc., but, though powerful with a pen in his hand, in conversation he has not the art of managing his ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow, and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism.

GEORGE IV.'S HABITS.

September 8 (1831).—Dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday; thirty-one people, very handsome, and the Styrian Minstrels playing and singing all dinner-time, a thing I never saw before. I sat next to Esterhazy and talked to him (a very little) about Belgian affairs. He said Talleyrand had given positive assurances that the French troops should be withdrawn whenever the Dutch retired, that the other powers were aware of Pétier's difficulties, and were ready to concede much to keep him in power, but that if he had not sufficient influence to repress the violent war-faction there was no use in endeavoring to support him. Our government had behaved very well, and had been very strong in their remonstrances.

After dinner I had much talk with the duke, who told me a good deal about the late king and the Duchess of Kent; talked of his extravagance and love of spending, provided that it was not his own money that he spent; he told an old story he had heard of Mrs. Fitzherbert's being obliged to borrow money for his post-horses to take him to Newmarket, that not a guinea was forthcoming to make stakes for some match, and when, on George Leigh's entreaty, he allowed some box to be searched, that three thousand pounds was found in it. He always had money. When he died they found ten thousand pounds in his boxes, and money scattered about everywhere, a great deal of gold. There were about five hundred pocket-books, of different dates, and in every one money—guineas, one-pound notes, one, two, or three in each. There never was any thing like the quantity of trinkets and trash that they found. He had never given away or parted with any thing. There was a prodigious quantity of hair—women's hair—

of all colors and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them; heaps of women's gloves, *gages d'amour* which he had got at balls, and with the perspiration still marked on the fingers; notes and letters in abundance, but not much that was of any political consequence, and the whole was destroyed. Of his will he said that it was made in 1823 by Lord Eldon, very well drawn, that he desired his executors might take all he had to pay his debts and such legacies as he might bequeath in any codicils he should make. He made no codicils and left no debts, so the king got all as heir-at-law. Knighton had managed his affairs very well, and got him out of debt. A good deal of money was disbursed in charity, a good deal through the medium of two or three old women.

MACAULAY.

February 6 (1832).—Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came very late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbor I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be, and, as he did not for some time open his lips except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or of medicine, perhaps a cholera-doctor. In a short time the conversation turned upon early and late education, and Lord Holland said that he had always remarked that self-educated men were peculiarly conceited and arrogant, and apt to look down upon the generality of mankind, from their being ignorant of how much other people knew; not having been at public schools, they are uninformed of the course of general education. My neighbor observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment save that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Caesar and Scaliger as examples of late education, said that the latter had been wounded, and that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day, when my neighbor remarked "that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act like his marriage." This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite something like a sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampeluna. I wondered how he happened to know any thing about Loyola's wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbor, "Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?" I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents, have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow! I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not until Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and unguiliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beamed from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never inclosed a powerful mind

and lively imagination. He had a cold and a sore-throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming; unembarrassed, yet not easy; unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic. Primogeniture in this country, in others, and particularly in ancient Rome, was the principal topic, I think, but Macaulay was not certain what was the law of Rome, except that when a man died intestate his estate was divided between his children. After dinner Talleyrand and Madame Dino came in. He was introduced to Talleyrand, who told him he meant to go to the House of Commons on Tuesday, and that he hoped he would speak.

(From subsequent entries in regard to Macaulay we quote as follows:)

Dined yesterday at Holland House; the chancellor, Lord Grey, Luttrell, Palmerston, and Macaulay. The chancellor was sleepy and would not talk; he uttered nothing but yawns and grunts. Macaulay and Allen disputed history, particularly the character of the Emperor Frederick II., and Allen declared himself a Guelph and Macaulay a Ghibelline. Macaulay is a most extraordinary man, and his astonishing knowledge is every moment exhibited, but (as far as I have yet seen of him, which is not sufficient to judge) he is not agreeable. His propositions and his allusions are rather too abrupt; he starts topics not altogether naturally; then he has none of the graces of conversation, none of that exquisite tact and refinement which are the result of a felicitous intuition or a long acquaintance with good society, or more probably a mixture of both. The mighty mass of his knowledge is not animated by that subtle spirit of taste and discretion which alone can give it the qualities of lightness and elasticity, and without which, though he may have the power of instructing and astonishing, he never will attain that of delighting and captivating his hearers.

On Sunday dined with Rogers, Moore, Sydney Smith, Macaulay. Sydney less vivacious than usual, and somewhat overpowered and talked down by what Moore called the "flumen sermonis" of Macaulay. Sydney calls Macaulay "a book in breeches." All that this latter says, all that he writes, exhibits his great powers and astonishing information, but I don't think he is agreeable. It is more than society requires, and not exactly of the kind; his figure, face, voice, and manner, are all bad; he astonishes and instructs, he sometimes entertains, seldom amuses, and still seldom pleases. He wants variety, elasticity, gracefulness; his is a roaring torrent, and not a meandering stream of talk. I believe we would all of us have been glad to exchange some of his sense for some of Sydney Smith's nonsense. He told me that he had read Sir Charles Grandison fifteen times!

A DINNER AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

November 20th.—Dined at Holland House the day before yesterday; Lady Holland is unwell, fancies she must dine at five o'clock, and exerts her power over society by making everybody go out there at that hour, though

nothing can be more inconvenient than thus shortening the day, and nothing more tiresome than such lengthening of the evening. Rogers and Luttrell were staying there. The *tableau* of the house is this: Before dinner, Lady Holland affecting illness and almost dissolution, but with a very respectable appetite, and after dinner in high force and vigor; Lord Holland, with his chalk-stones, and unable to walk, lying on his couch in very good spirits and talking away; Luttrell and Rogers walking about, ever and anon looking despairingly at the clock, and making short excursions from the drawing-room; Allen surly and disputations, poring over the newspapers, and replying in monosyllables (generally negative) to whatever is said to him. The grand topic of interest, far exceeding the Belgian or Portuguese questions, was the illness of Lady Holland's page, who has got a tumor in his thigh. This "little creature," as Lady Holland calls a great hulking fellow of about twenty, is called "Edgar," his real name being Tom or Jack, which he changed on being elevated to his present dignity, as the popes do when they are elected to the tiara. More rout is made about him than other people are permitted to make about their children, and the inmates of Holland House are invited and compelled to go and sit with him and amuse him. Such is the social despotism of this strange house, which presents an odd mixture of luxury and constraint, of enjoyment physical and intellectual, with an alloy of small *désagréments*. Talleyrand generally comes at ten or eleven o'clock, and stays as long as they will let him. Though everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its ways, all continue to go; all like it more or less; and whenever, by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing will supply. It is the house of all Europe; the world will suffer by the loss; and it may with truth be said that it will "eclipse the gayety of nations."

ONE OF ENGLAND'S "STATELY HOMES."

Petworth, December 20th.—Came here yesterday. It is a very grand place; house magnificent and full of fine objects, both ancient and modern; the Sir Joshua and Vandycks particularly interesting, and a great deal of all sorts that is worth seeing. Lord Egremont was eighty-one the day before yesterday, and is still healthy, with faculties and memory apparently unimpaired. He has reigned here for sixty years with great authority and influence. He is shrewd, eccentric, and benevolent, and has always been munificent and charitable in his own way; he patronizes the arts and fosters rising genius. Painters and sculptors find employment and welcome in his house; he has built a gallery which is full of pictures and statues, some of which are very fine, and the pictures scattered through the house are interesting and curious. Lord Egremont hates ceremony, and can't bear to be personally meddled with; he likes people to come and go as it suits them, and say nothing about it, never to take leave of him. The party here consists of the Cowpers, his own family, a Lady E. Romney, two nieces, Mrs. Tredercroft a neighbor, Ridsdale a parson, Wynne, Turner, the great landscape-painter, and a young artist of the name of Lucas, whom Lord Egremont is bringing into notice, and who will owe his fortune (if he makes it) to him. Lord Egremont is enormously rich, and lives with an abundant though not very refined hospitality. The house wants modern comforts, and the servants are rustic and uncouth; but

every thing is good, and it all bears an air of solid and aristocratic grandeur. The stud-groom told me there are three hundred horses of different sorts here. His course, however, is nearly run, and he has the mortification of feeling that, though surrounded with children and grandchildren, he is almost the last of his race, and that his family is about to be extinct. Two old brothers and one childless nephew are all that are left of the Wyndhams, and the latter has been many years married. All his own children are illegitimate, but he has every thing in his power, though nobody has any notion of the manner in which he will dispose of his property.

PEEL'S CONTRADICTIONARY CHARACTER.

February 14 (1833).—Poulett Thomson said to me yesterday that Peel's prodigious superiority over everybody in the House was so evident, his talent for debate and thorough knowledge of parliamentary tactics, gained by twenty years of experience, so commanding, that he must draw men's minds to him, and that he was evidently playing that game, throwing over the Ultra-Tories and ingratiating himself with the House and the country. He, in fact, means to open a house to all comers, and make himself necessary and indispensable. Under that placid exterior he conceals, I believe, a boundless ambition, and hatred and jealousy lurk under his professions of esteem and political attachment. His is one of those contradictory characters, containing in it so much of mixed good and evil, that it is difficult to strike an accurate balance between the two, and the acts of his political life are of a corresponding description, of questionable utility and merit, though always marked by great ability. It is very sure that he has been the instrument of great good, or of enormous evil, and apparently more of the latter. He came into life the child and champion of a political system which has been for a long time crumbling to pieces; and if the perils which are produced by its fall are great, they are mainly attributable to the manner in which it was upheld by Peel, and to his want of sagacity, in a wrong estimate of his means of defense and of the force of the antagonist power with which he had to contend. The leading principles of his political conduct have been constantly erroneous, and his dexterity and ability in supporting them have only made the consequences of his errors more extensively pernicious. If we look back through the long course of Peel's life, and inquire what have been the great political measures with which his name is particularly connected, we shall find, first, the return to cash payments, which almost everybody now agrees was a fatal mistake, though it would not be fair to visit him with extraordinary censure for a measure which was sanctioned by almost all the great financial authorities; secondly, opposition to Reform in Parliament and to religious emancipation of every kind, the maintenance of the exclusive system, and support, untouched and uncorrected, of the Church, both English and Irish. His resistance to alterations on these heads was conducted with great ability, and for a long time with success; but he was endeavoring to uphold a system which was no longer supportable, and, having imbibed in his career much of the liberal spirit of the age, he found himself in a state of no small perplexity between his old connections and his more enlarged propensities. Still, he was chained down by the former, and consequently being beaten from all his positions, he was continually obliged to give way, but never did so till rather too late for his own credit, and

much too late for the interest at stake. Notwithstanding, therefore, the reputation he has acquired, the hold he has had of office, and is probably destined to have again, his political life has been a considerable failure, though not such a one as to render it more probable than not that his future life will be a failure too. He has hitherto been encumbered with embarrassing questions and an unmanageable party. Time has disposed of the first, and he is divorced from the last; if his great experience and talents have a fair field to act upon, he may yet, in spite of his selfish and unamiable character, be a distinguished and successful minister.

JOSEPH AND LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

July 26th.—I dined the day before yesterday with old Lady Cork, to meet the Bonapartes. There were Joseph, Lucien, Lucien's daughter, the widow of Louis Bonaparte, Hortense's son,* the Dudley Stuarts, Belhovens, Rogers, Lady Clarendon, and Lady Davy, and myself; not very amusing, but curious to see these two men, one of whom would not be a king, when he might have chosen almost any crown he pleased (conceive, for instance, having refused the kingdom of Naples), and the other, who was first King of Naples and then King of Spain, commanded armies, and had the honor of being defeated at Vittoria by the Duke of Wellington. There they sat, these brothers of Napoleon, who once trampled upon all Europe, and at whose feet the potentates of the earth bowed, two simple, plain-looking, civil, courteous, smiling gentlemen. They say Lucien is a very agreeable man, Joseph nothing. Joseph is a caricature of Napoleon in his latter days; a least, so I guess from the pictures. He is taller, stouter, with the same sort of face, but without the expression, and particularly without the eagle eye. Lucien looked as if he had once been like him, that is, his face in shape is like the pictures of Napoleon when he was thin and young, but Lucien is a very large, tall man. They talked little, but staid on in the evening, when there was a party, and received very civilly all the people who were presented to them. There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition, but, on the contrary, every thing regal that he ever had about him seemed to be merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a King of Spain and the Indies. Though there is nothing to see in Joseph, who is, I believe, a very mediocre personage, I could not help gazing at him, and running over in my mind the strange events in which he had been concerned in the course of his life, and regarding him as a curiosity, and probably as the most extraordinary living instance of the freaks of fortune and instability of human grandeur.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of eloquence in point of composition, has no pretensions to be put in com-

petition with Brougham in the House of Commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the gracefulness, lightness, and variety, are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified, for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gayety—"from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—dashing through every description of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited; always amusing, always instructive, never tedious, elevated to the height of the greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and, at the same moment, conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds by dropping into the midst of their pursuits and objects with a fervor and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and, above all, which puts them at their ease.

THIERS.

September 10th.—At Gorhambury on Saturday till Monday. Dined on Friday with Talleyrand, a great dinner to M. Thiers, the French Minister of Commerce, a little man, about as tall as Shiel, and as mean and vulgar-looking, wearing spectacles, and with a squeaking voice. He was editor of the *National*, an able writer, and one of the principal instigators of the Revolution of July. It is said that he is a man of great ability and a good speaker, more in the familiar English than the bombastical French style. Talleyrand has a high opinion of him. He wrote a history of the Revolution, which he now regrets; it is well done, but the doctrine of fatalism which he puts forth in it he thinks calculated to injure his reputation as a statesman. I met him again at dinner at Talleyrand's yesterday with another great party, and last night he started on a visit to Birmingham and Liverpool.

THEODORE HOOK.

August 13 (1834).—Dined at Roehampton yesterday with Farquhar. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Blackwood and Theodore Hook dined there among others. After dinner he displayed his extraordinary talent of improvisation, which I had never heard but once before, and then he happened not to be in the vein. Last night he was very brilliant. Each lady gave him a subject, such as the "Goodwood Cup," the "Tithe Bill;" one "could not think of any thing," when he dashed off and sang stanzas innumerable, very droll, with ingenious rhymes and excellent hits, "his eye begetting occasion for his excellent wit," for at every word of interruption or admiration, every look or motion, he indulged in a digression, always coming back to one of the themes imposed upon him. It is a *tour de force*, in which I believe he stands alone, and it is certainly wonderfully well worth hearing and uncommonly amusing.

FOX.

Fox never wrote his speeches, was fond of preparing them in traveling, as he said a post-chaise was the best place to arrange his thoughts in. Sheridan wrote and prepared a great deal, and generally in bed, with his books, pen, and ink, on the bed, where he would lie all day. Brougham wrote and rewrote, over and over again, whole speeches; he has been known to work fifteen hours a day for six weeks together.

THE HISTORY OF THE TABLE.

I.

CARVING AND CARVERS—WOMEN AT TABLE.

SO long as English fare consisted chiefly of stews and minced meats, with other messes that would at the present time be helped without a knife, there was small need of a carver at an ordinary banquet. But, though the feudal table afforded him comparatively few occasions for the exhibitions of his skill, the carver found employment at ceremonious feasts, and his office was honored throughout the Roman or spoon period of our ancient cookery. It was he who sliced the brawn, and venison, and other large pieces of the mediæval feast. When served whole, the swan and peacock were cut artistically by his gleaming knife. And, when they were put on the board with only the appearance of entirety, he divided their nicely-arranged parts with all the formal "flourishes" of a carver actually dissecting a royal bird. The wild-fowl and smaller ground-game, which were usually put whole on the table, afforded him other occasions for showing artistic adroitness and a precise knowledge of the rules and terms of his craft.

In days when the offices of footmen and other male menials were filled by gentle serving-men, he was always a gentleman of honest lineage, and not seldom a person of noble degree, though of a rank inferior to that of his employer. The four carvers and cup-bearers of Edward IV.'s special table were bannerets or bachelor-knights; and at the banquets attending Archbishop Nevill's enthronization the chief carver was Lord Willoughby, some of whose fellow-servants at the same festival were superior to him in wealth and social quality.

While his manner conformed to the ceremoniousness, the carver's terms accorded with the quaint pedantry of the period whose *chefs* were schoolmen, and whose scholars delighted in fantastic phraseology. In the "Boke of Nurture," John Russell gives us a chapter on "Kervyng of Flesh," and another on the "Kervyng of Fische," from which it appears that Duke Humphrey's carver had a distinct set of observances for almost every "creature" that came under his knife. He might not touch venison with his hand; but, having sliced the "piece" deftly, he put the juiciest slice on his lord's plate by means of his broad-bladed carving-knife, and without the assistance of a fork. Birds he might raise by their legs with his left hand before dismembering them; but his skill was seen in the quickness and certainty with which he poised "each portion" on his knife, and conveyed it to the plate without touching it with his fingers. At moments of difficulty he had recourse to the spoon; but in days prior to the introduction of table-forks the perfect carver used the spoon as little as possible, and would have died of shame had he been seen to put his fingers upon a viand in a way prohibited by the laws of his art. It was ex-

* "A Book about the Table." By John Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "A Book about Doctors," "A Book about Lawyers," etc. London, 1875.

* This must have been the Emperor Napoleon III.

pressly conceded by those laws that he might touch beef and mutton with his left hand; but he always exercised this privilege discreetly and with sensitive care for his lord's feelings and his own honor. With the knife, also, he was wondrously expert in removing sinew and unsightly bits from each slice.

It was also customary for the carver, when he had cut and prepared a slice of meat, to dissect it into four strips, holding together at the end, so as to resemble in some degree an obsolete instrument of punishment, the Scotch tawse. Provided with such a slice, the courtly feaster lifted it with his fingers, using the undivided end as a handle, while he ate the four long pieces. Having eaten the strips, he of course laid aside the "handle," which he had touched, as unfit for the palate of a nice feeder.

When a change of gastronomic taste, for which the introduction of the fork was largely though not altogether accountable, had covered the English table with "joints," and increased the demand for skillful carvers, it was not long before the labor of carving was transferred from gentle serving-men, specially dexterous with the knife, to ladies seated at the upper end of the festal table.

In excluding womankind from banquets that were not of a private character, mediæval society seems to have followed a fashion still observed, with occasional departures from ordinary usage, in modern England. Ladies, indeed, brightened the entertainments which celebrated the inthronization of Archbishop Nevill in Edward IV.'s time; and we have noticed other feasts at which women displayed their beauty, and wit, and brave adornments. Of course bridal feasts, the grandest of all mediæval festivals, required the presence of the fair sex. But, as a general rule, the quasi-public dinners and suppers of feudal England were enjoyed by the lords of creation in the absence of their dames and demoiselles. In the lower grades of good society it was enough for "madam" to superintend the operations of her cooks and servants in the kitchen, while the "master" and his comrades enjoyed the good cheer which she provided for them. And, even when they appeared at table, the ladies of chivalric time did not receive such consideration and courteous treatment as are accorded to them universally in the modern England from which chivalry is said to have departed. The mediæval entertainer of a party, consisting of persons of both sexes, was at no pains to match his guests, so that there was a cavalier for each gentlewoman, or even to assign a gallant partner to each lady when the number of male guests would enable him to do so. The convenience of the men, rather than the pleasure of the women, was considered in the arrangements for seating the guests. If the table consisted of a single board, the ladies, unless their rank demanded exceptional courtesy, seated themselves wherever they could find room, and often that room was found at the lower end of the dining-hall. If the single table was divided by the "salt," a gentlewoman often found herself sitting with the inferior guests "below" the line of honor, while men of no better extraction, and of worse manners, enjoyed the daintier fare

"above the salt." And, when the table consisted of several separate boards, it often happened that the women of the party were placed at a table by themselves, without a gallant of any kind to bear them company.

Even so late as Charles II.'s time, when they had long held possession of the upper end of the private table, it was usual to seat the ladies apart from the men, at separate tables, and sometimes in separate chambers, on occasions of quasi-public festivity. Thus, when Mr. Samuel Pepys went in his second-best suit to Sir Anthony Bateman's mayoral banquet at the Guildhall, he tells us that he inspected the "tables prepared for the ladies," which were set in a room for the special accommodation of the fair feasters. On that day no man dined in this room, though gentlemen were permitted to loiter through it and stare at the eating ladies. "After I had dined," the diarist continues, "I and Creed rose, and went up and down the house, and up to the lady's room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But, though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face, which was very strange. I expected musique, but there was none, but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the mayor and two sheriffs for the time being, the mayor paying one-half, and they the other. And the whole, says Proby, is reckoned to come to about seven or eight hundred pounds at most. Being tired with looking upon a company of ugly women, Creed and I went away, took coach, and through Cheapside, and there saw the pageants, which were very silly." Mr. Pepys was sadly out of temper throughout the day. Having left his new velvet-lined cloak at home, "because of the crowde," he felt himself under-dressed, and consequently was out of conceit with himself and the whole world. Moreover, being "under a vow," he could not cheer himself with wine, though with an uneasy conscience he sipped a little hippocras. The ladies would not have been so ugly to his eyes had he worn his bravest costume. Had he drunk wine, he would have found the pageants less "silly," the drums and trumpets less "displeasing," the table-furniture less defective, and the fare at the Merchant-Strangers' board more to his taste.

In Elizabethan England, when gallimaufreys had given way to the substantial fare of our later cookery, it was the custom at private dinners to place the principal joints and masses of meat at the upper end of the table, above the salt, so that the chief guests could see clearly the best of the good cheer, and also appropriate the choicest cuts, before the inferior folk below the joint of honor were served. Fashion having thus decided that the "carving should be done on the table," the ladies were invited to the top of the table, not out of gallantry, but in order that they should do the work which could no longer be executed conveniently by professional carvers. It may cost the reader a struggle to admit that our ancestors had no more chivalric purpose in view when they promoted woman to her proper place at the festal board. But there is no doubt as to the fact. The new ordering of places was the

result of masculine selfishness and insolence, rather than masculine gallantry. Just as in mediæval society the lady of the house rendered service to her guests by discharging the functions of a gentle serving-woman in preparing dishes for their enjoyment, and even in bringing them to table with her own hands, so in Elizabethan life she went up to the top of her table, and seated herself among the first guests, in order that she might serve them as a carver. At the same time, the number of "great pieces" requiring several carvers, she brought other ministering ladies to the upper end of the table where the grand joints were exhibited.

Having been thus called to the top of the table for her lord's convenience instead of her own dignity, the mistress of the house soon made it a point of honor to occupy the place, which had, in the first instance, been conceded to her as a servant, rather than as principal lady. Ere long, with her characteristic cleverness in making the best of things and stating her own case in the way most agreeable to her self-love, she regarded her carver's stool as a throne of state, and affected to preside over the company, though the terms of her commission only authorized her to help them to food.

It was the same with the ladies whom she invited to assist her in the work of carving. Losing sight of its uncomplimentary cause, they regarded their promotion to the higher places as a testimony to their worthiness. To carve, ere long, became with them a point of honor, rather than an affair of duty; and having, for the discharge of hospitable functions, acquired the superior seats, they, in course of time, excluded the men altogether from the upper end of the table. In the middle of the seventeenth century, the ladies of a dinner or supper entered the banqueting-room before the men; and, when they had seated themselves at the top of the table, i. e., the end of the table farthest from the door, the cavaliers who followed them shared the space left to them at the inferior part of the board.

In his entertaining "Lives" of his three notable brothers—Lord-Keeper Guildford, Sir Dudley North, the Turkey merchant, and Dr. John North, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge—Roger North makes several allusions to the fashion which assigned the top of the table to the fair sex, and also mentions particularly the ungallant considerations which occasioned their promotion to the chief places.

On being entertained at Badminton by his grace of Beaufort, the Lord-Keeper Guildford saw the duchess, with her two daughters *only*, at the head of her oblong table.* Wheth-

* "The ordinary pastime of the ladies was in a gallery on the other side, where she" (i. e., the duchess) "had divers gentlewomen commonly at work upon embroidery and fringe-making: for all the beds of state were made and finished in the house. The meats were very neat, and not gross; no servants in livery attended, but those called gentlemen only; and, in the several kinds, even down to the small-beer, nothing could be more choice than that table was. It was an oblong, and not an oval; and the duchess, with her two daughters *only*, sat at the upper end. If the gentlemen chose a glass of wine, the civil officers were made to go down into the vaults, which were very

er the duchess carved any dish, the biographer omits to state, though he is careful to say that *gentlemen* were the only liveried servants in attendance, and that, differing from the common use, Badminton custom forbade guests to sit over the oblong table "with tobacco and healths." It is improbable that her grace, who, in her pride, would allow no ladies but her own daughters to sit with her at the top of the table, condescended to do with her own hands any of the work which the gentle serving-men and the ladies of inferior degree, below the salt, could readily perform.

But that the lord-keeper would have required his wife to carve at his ceremonious banquets, had she survived the date of his installment in the marble chair, readers may learn from Roger's account of his grandest brother's hospitalities. When the keeper of "the pestiferous lump of metal" gave a dinner, Roger—who, though a fairly successful barrister and Recorder of Bristol, was also his lordship's accountant and major-domo—used to sit at the head of the table, "for want of a lady to carve." Save as a chief retainer of his lordship's household, bound to make himself generally useful, Roger had no title to so high a place, nor any disposition to take it without special permission.* John North, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, besides insisting that the ladies of the upper table were bound to carve, was also of opinion that they ought to carve expeditiously. In early manhood, long before he became a nervous valetudinarian and magnate of the university, John North used to make mirth at the dinners and suppers of the best houses of Charles II.'s town by noisily demanding that "the ladies at the upper end of the table" should handle their carving-knives briskly, or else, with fit humility, "come down to their proper places at the lower end."† A free talker in "fit company," and a young

large and sumptuous, or servants, at a sign given, attended with salvers, etc., and many a brisk went round about; but no sitting at table with tobacco and healths, as the common use is."—*Vide* Roger North's "Life of Lord-Keeper Guildford."

* "His lordship's custom was, after dinner, to retire with his company, which were not a few, and of the best quality in town, into a withdrawing-room, and the tea-table followed, where his youngest brother officiated, and him his lordship set at the head of the table, for want of a lady to carve. His suppers were in another room, and where some of his best friends, and some (painted) enemies ordinarily assembled. And this he thought the best refreshment the whole day afforded him; and before twelve he retired, and, after a touch of his music, went to bed, his musician not leaving him till he was composed."—*Vide* Roger North's "Life of Lord-Keeper Guildford."

† "And I might," says Roger of the young Cantabrigian fellow, "mention some ladies with whom he pretended to be innocently merry and free; and, indeed, more so (often) than welcome, as when he touched the preeminences of their sex. As, for instance, saying that, of all the beasts of the field, God Almighty thought woman the fittest companion for man. I have known him demand of the ladies at the upper end of the table, by right of their sitting there, that they would carve for him. 'Elise,' said he, 'let them come down to the places at the lower end.' These passages and the like show somewhat of his humor, which made him very popular with the ladies and young company. For, notwithstanding all his seriousness and study, none ever was more agreeably talkative, in fit company, than he was."—*Vide* Roger North's "Life of Dr. John North."

divine, seeking preferment at the merry monarch's court by a loquacious sprightliness that would not nowadays recommend a clergyman to the distributors of ecclesiastical patronage, Jack North prided himself on his smartness in bantering womankind. More than one great lady learned from him "that, of all the beasts of the field, God Almighty thought woman the fittest companion for man."

When they had been thus appointed to officiate as distributors of meat, even as their precursors of the Anglo-Saxon period had distributed bread, English gentlewomen of the seventeenth century were instructed by school-mistresses and professors of etiquette as to the ways in which it behooved them to carve joints. That she might be able to grasp a roast chicken without greasing her left hand, the gentle housewife was careful to trim its feet and the lower part of its legs with cut paper. To preserve the cleanness of her fingers, the same covering was put on those parts of joints which the carver usually touched with the left hand, while the right made play with the shining blade. The paper-frill, which may still be seen round the bony point and small end of a leg of mutton, is a memorial of the fashion in which joints were dressed for the dainty hands of lady-carvers, in time prior to the introduction of the carving-fork, an implement that was not in universal use so late as the Commonwealth, when the author of "Lady Rich's Closet" (1653) admonished gentlewomen to adopt the convenient instrument. In defiance of a common prejudice. "In carving at your own table," says the author of that entertaining work to the "ingenious gentlewoman of the period," "distribute the best pieces first; and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork; so touch no meat without it."

By the same competent teacher, the "ingenious gentlewoman" of a troublous time was instructed on other points of good manners. She was told to sit at table with a straight body, and, even though she were an aunt, to refrain from resting her elbows on the table-cloth. She might not, "by ravenous gesture, display a voracious appetite." If she talked while eating, or "smacked like a pig," or swallowed "spoon-meat so hot" as to bring tears into her eyes, she would be taken for an underbred person, even though she were an earl's daughter. Shunning the appearance of greediness, she should also avoid such squeamishness as was exhibited by the gentlewoman who ate her peas singly, or by the half-pea at a time, and was horrified at the suggestion that she should take them by the spoonful. She was warned still more emphatically not to drink herself out of breath, so that, to recover herself, she would have to "blow strongly." "Throwing down your liquor," says the "accomplished Lady Rich," with no excessive severity, "as into a funnel, is an action fitter for a juggler than a gentlewoman."*

* "A gentlewoman, being at table abroad or at home, must observe to keep her body straight, and lean not by any means with her elbow, nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite. Talk not when you have meat in your mouth, and do not smack like a pig, nor venture to eat spoon-

While English society sat at meals, with the women at the upper and the men at the lower end of the table, the author of "A Brief Character of the Low Countries under the States" (1652) informed his readers that the Dutch, with better taste and more gallantry, intermingled the sexes, so that every lady had on either hand a gentleman to amuse her with gossip, and relieve her of the labor of carving. "They sit not," said the describer of high life in the Low Countries, "as we in England, men together and women first, but ever intermingled with a man between, and instead of marchpans and such juncates, it's good manners, if any there be, to carry away a piece of apple-pie in your pocket." Originating in a time when fashion had discredited the ancient custom that permitted guests to pocket marchpans and sweetmeats, the saying "Eat what you like, but pocket none," is a comparatively modern maxim.

In olden time, carvers at table had to observe nice rules in discharging their functions. Besides distributing the best pieces first, they were required to distribute them among the guests of first quality, and with intelligent regard for the laws of heraldic precedence. The greatest man at the feast had an indefensible title to the liver-wing of a chicken, and to the thigh of a woodcock; and his wife might feel affronted if she were helped after a lady of inferior quality. At a later date, fashion required the carver to consult the special taste of each guest before helping him to a cut of sirloin or a piece of game. Dr. Kitchiner, however, had the good sense to decry these nice formalities of a too ceremonious etiquette, and to insist that the carver should make expedition rather than politeness his first object. "To effect this," he urged, "fill the plates and send them round, instead of asking each individual if they choose soup, fish, etc., or what particular part they prefer, for, as they cannot be all choosers, you will thus escape making any invidious distinctions. A dexterous carver (especially if he be possessed with that determined enemy to ceremony and sauce, a keen appetite), will help half a dozen people in half the time one of your would-be-thought polite folks wastes in making civil compliments." To save time, the doctor recommended that poultry, especially turkeys and geese, should be sent to table ready cut up. When the author of "The Cook's Oracle" gave this advice, he little imagined how near was the time when the carving-knives would

meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes; which is as unseemly as the gentlewoman who pretended to have as little a stomach as she had a mouth, and, therefore, would not swallow her peas by spoonful, but took them one by one, and cut them into two before she could eat them. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draught that your breath is almost gone, and are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself; throwing down your liquor as into a funnel, is an action fitter for a juggler than a gentlewoman. Thus much for our observations in general. If I am defective in particulars, your own prudence, discretion, and curious observations will supply. In carving at your own table, distribute the best pieces first; and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork; so touch no meat without it."—*Vide* "The Accomplished Lady Rich's Closet of Rarities, or, Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion" 1653.

be removed from the table, and the carver's work would be done by waiters at a side-board.

Together with the carving-knife and carving-fork, other implements vanished from the table; the unsightly "rests" on which the carver reposed his weapons during the intermissions of his industry; and the long, pointed "steel" on which he sharpened his blade with clattering noise, like a butcher preparing to serve customers at his stall. These articles may, indeed, still be seen on the tables of old-fashioned folk; but they deserve mention in a work which will be popular reading long after they have become curious relics of past manners, and shall be found on collectors' shelves of social antiquities, by the side of snuff-bottles, decanter-slides, and tinder-boxes.

The Dutch fashion of placing men and women alternately at table having been adopted by our ancestors toward the close of the seventeenth century, it was not long ere the toils of carving passed from the gentler sex to more muscular hands. Retaining the honor of an office to which she had imparted dignity, the lady of the house relinquished its labors to the men at her side; and, together with the honor, she kept the seat which had been conceded to her as a handler of the great knife.

THE COLORS OF DOUBLE STARS.

THERE are nights, even in our unfavorable climate, when the glittering points that stud the star-depths shine with a radiant color and varied tint that are glorious to behold. But, in southern climes, or in the transparent atmosphere of elevated localities, the same stars flash forth with a resplendent brightness that makes the heavens glow as if glittering gems of priceless value had been scattered over its azure concave.

The telescope, however, reveals colors of which the common observer can have no conception—as, for instance, in the famous belts of Jupiter and Saturn, where a charming purity and blending shade of tone and tint are brought to view, by the side of which all terrestrial colors seem faint and muddy. But the widest range and broadest play of hues is most conspicuous in the large class of stars called "double stars." They are so called because they consist of two or more stars held together by mutual attraction, and revolving in orbits according to their mass, either around each other, or both around a common centre of gravity. To the naked eye, except in a few instances, they look like single stars on account of their close proximity, but a good telescope shows that each star consists of two, three, or more suns in intimate relation. Thus the familiar star Castor, one of the finest northern doubles, has components nearly equal and pure white. A star in Lyra is a double double, a system of four stars, the stars composing each pair revolving around a point between them, while the two pairs perform another revolution around a common centre of gravity, requiring a million years to accomplish. A star in the

Sword of Orion reveals the astounding phenomenon of one luminous point separated into seven stars. If these stars constitute one family, how passing strange to our terrestrial ideas must be the complex vicissitudes of a system ruled by seven suns varying in size and color, and swaying dependent planets in intricate movements almost beyond finite power to comprehend!

Astronomers have examined more than six thousand double stars, and in nearly seven hundred of them a regular orbital motion has been discovered; in many cases the time of revolution has been accurately determined. Thus a star in Hercules completes a revolution in the short period of thirty-six years, while another star in Leo requires twelve hundred years for its slower circuit. The distance of the lesser star from the greater can be measured if the distance of the double star from the earth is known. In the star called 61 Cygni, the smaller constituent has a mean radius of about forty-five times the distance of the earth from the sun, or more than 4,275,000,000 miles. And yet such is the immense distance of these stars that the naked eye fails to separate them!

Beautiful as single stars appear when viewed under the most favorable conditions, they bear no comparison with the wonderful range of colors developed in double stars. There are white, red, orange, and yellow stars, and many that possess a bluish and greenish tint, but astronomers generally agree that no isolated stars of blue, green, or purple, can be seen with the most powerful telescopes. But the case is far different in these singular binary systems, which give forth colors of the most fascinating loveliness. There are all the tints of the rainbow and numerous other gradations and shades, such as silver white, soft gray, fawn, buff, mauve, russet, and olive. In some cases there are strongly-marked contrasts, as in Iota Cancri, where the larger star is orange, and the smaller blue. The triple star Gamma Andromedæ has an orange-red sun and two companions of emerald green. Albirés in the Swan is a charming double, with components orange and blue. Mirac in Boötes, called Pulcherrima from its extreme beauty, has orange and sea-green constituents. Arcturus, a yellow star, has a pale-lilac companion. Then we have companions of the same color as in Castor, where both stars are white, or in Gamma Draconis, where they are both gray; or we find combinations in which the contrasts are not so striking, but the tints are exceedingly beautiful, as in Kappa Boötis, white and pale blue; Alpha Libræ, yellow and light gray; Beta Libræ, pale emerald and light blue.

No astronomical subject is better calculated to interest lovers of æsthetic pursuits than this marvelous display of colors among the double stars. If we regard these brilliant orbs as suns circling around each other, and accompanied by systems of subordinate planets, imagination fails to picture the wondrous coloring which must light worlds illuminated by such glorious suns, one sun rising in yellow, or purple, or crimson, another setting in green or blue, or two suns mingling their brilliant beams, or blending their rays by transiting each other. How strangely

must the colored shadows play over the landscape, and how curious an aspect must the living creatures present over whom the shadows play!

When double stars were first observed, it was thought that the more strongly-marked colors, where those were small companion stars, were due to contrast, or what is called in optics complementary colors. Thus, if the larger star were orange, the smaller would be blue; if the larger were red, the smaller would be green; if the larger were yellow, the smaller would be purple. Doubtless many double stars are unconnected, their components being far distant from each other, while their apparent nearness is due to their lying in the same straight line as seen from the earth. But, among those that have a physical connection, and are called binary stars, a great many experiments have proved that the color is inherent in the star, and not the result of optical illusion. Thus, when a metal cross-bar was introduced into the eye of the telescope to hide one star while the other continued visible, the color of the smaller star invariably remained as before, though perhaps not as plainly marked. Even the moon was pressed into the service, and gave conclusive evidence on the subject; for once, when an occultation of Antares occurred while the bright-red star was hidden behind the moon, its tiny companion remained for a few seconds on the field of vision, and, to the inexpressible delight of the observer, the eagle-eyed Dawes, remained unmistakably green.

Therefore the color of double stars is real, and we must regard them as giving forth colors in the grand schemes to which they belong on a scale of magnificence, of which our solitary and unicolored sun can give us little idea.

It is well known that changes of color have taken place in certain prominent single stars. Sirius, known to the ancients as a red star, is now white; Arcturus, once of a deep red, is now yellow. Changes equally marked are going on among the binary systems. Admiral Smyth, who made the colors of double stars a specialty for investigation, found, in 1839, the color of the components of 95 Herculis to be apple-green and cherry-red. His son, Mr. Piazzi Smyth, the present astronomer-royal for Scotland, went, in 1856, to the island of Teneriffe, and set up an observatory there, in order to make astronomical observations. At the request of his father, he made careful scrutiny into the color of several noted doubles, among them 95 Herculis. His report upon this changeable star was that both components were yellow, with a tinge of bluish green. The elder Smyth immediately reexamined the star, and found the same colors he had formerly noted. Five other eminent astronomers whom he consulted made reports coinciding with his own. Meantime the younger Smyth and several Spanish visitors at the Teneriffe observatory again critically observed the star, and found the same invariable yellow companions. To make the matter more complicated, Sestini had found, in 1844, both stars yellow, while Mr. Webb, in 1865, saw them pale yellow and lilac. In the case of the Smyths it was im-

possible to attribute the variation to peculiarities in eyesight, for both observers were practised astronomers, and their observations agreed in all other points, even in some of the most delicate hues.

The work of estimating star-colors is one that requires long-continued practice and great delicacy of eyesight. We find in an English magazine an amusing illustration of the result of an experiment made by Admiral Smyth on this subject. He invited a party of six ladies and five gentlemen to make an examination of the double star Cor Caroli. Small reflectors are the best telescopes for showing star-colors, and the one used on this occasion was a fine Gregorian telescope, of five and a quarter inches' aperture, placed in front of the south portico of the house. The members of the party were to make observations in turn, and communicate the result to the astronomer in a whisper, so that no one should know the report of the others until the observation was completed. Admiral Smyth carefully noted down the result of their respective impressions, and afterward copied the report in the large album of the Hartwell Observatory. We give, as a curiosity in star-gazing, the variety of colors attributed to the same pair of stars by eleven pairs of unpractised eyes, placing the color of the principal component first. Among the six ladies, the first gave the colors as pale white and violet tint; the second, yellowish cast and deadish purple; the third, yellowish and lilac; the fourth, light dingy yellow and lilac; the fifth, white and plum color; the sixth, palish yellow and blue.

Among the five gentlemen, the first, a clergyman, declared that "he could make out nothing particular;" the second reported cream-color and violet cream; the third, pale blue and darker blue; the fourth, whitish and light purple; the fifth white and plum-color purple.

These widely-different estimates were made upon the same star, with the same instrument, under the same weather conditions, in the same atmosphere, and with the same position of the object. Doubtless, the observers all saw the same colors, but were unable to give an accurate name to the tints they saw, being unaccustomed to astronomical work and technical color analysis.

Is there any way in which the colors of double stars can be accounted for, or any reason why they should change their colors? Many of them have been subjected to careful analysis with the spectroscope, and the result has thrown much light upon the intricate subject. It is now well known that all stars shining by their own light are surrounded by a photosphere consisting of an atmosphere of glowing vapors of such intense heat that substances like iron and copper exist there in the form of vapor. These vaporous envelopes differ in different stars. When examined with the spectroscope they give forth spectra crossed by black lines, whose number and arrangement depend upon the prominent constituents of the star. Those that have a great many dark lines in the red portion of the spectrum have the red light cut off or absorbed, and take on a green color. If dark lines abound in the yellow por-

tion of the spectrum, they shine with a purple color; if in the blue, they give forth an orange light. Huggins thinks that the light of all stars is white at the time of emission, and that the colors which they present to the eye are the result of changes that the light has undergone since its emission. When he examined the star Albireo, a beautiful orange and blue double, he detected in the spectrum of the orange star strong dark lines in the blue, while in the blue star he found equally strong dark lines in the red and orange portions.

It has been proved that this marvelously beautiful display of color is due to the existence of certain vapors in the gaseous envelopes surrounding the stars, but we know nothing as yet of the causes of these differences, neither can we tell the reason for the variation in the conditions of the envelopes that take place when the stars change color. We must, then, for the present be satisfied with the privilege of making observations on these exquisitely-beautiful members of the sidereal universe, enjoy the sight of their charmingly combined coloring of myriad hues and flashes of sparkling light, study the conformation and revolution of the celestial gems, and wait patiently for time and scientific research to add to our knowledge of the wondrous systems of worlds revealed by the telescope, where a celestial beauty and glory reign such as terrestrial eyes have never beheld.

E. M. CONVERSE.

AN EPISODE.

AND so the hour comes at last
When all the dream is over,
The distant, passion-haunted past,
The rapture of the lover!
I could not tell that I would change
That fair and fragrant fancy,
And yet, ah, me! who counts it strange
That time should kill the pansy?

Our love was but a summer flower,
A thing of rings and posies;
A frail, sweet bud that bloomed an hour,
Then died—like other roses.
I dreamed I ne'er had seen a face
So exquisitely tender,
And all my life to your dear grace
Bent down in frank surrender.

And now what need of vows and sighs,
And passionate pretenses,
To us who are so sadly wise
In lordship of the senses?
It was—it is not—let it pass—
Though there has gone forever
The image from the magic glass,
The ripple from the river.

Your life shall flow above this shock
In truer, steadier fashion,
With just that quiver o'er the rock
That marks a buried passion;
And if I sometimes look behind,
It will not be in sorrow,
For to the heart the heart is kind—
Love's Eden blooms to-morrow!

BARTON GREY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN article in the February *Galaxy*, by Dr. Coan, entitled "A Nation without Neighbors," seems to us peculiarly open to censure on account of its general undervaluation of things American. If our countrymen are justly amenable to the charge of being the greatest boasters in the world, they are also the most free-spoken self-depreciators in the world. Unfortunately, the latter peculiarity is exhibited largely by people of culture and social rank, among whom patriotism has become a mark of simplicity and innocence. At the risk of exciting the ridicule of this high-minded class, we must be permitted to utter our indignant protest against many of the assertions and arguments in the article to which we have referred. We cannot attempt now to point out all the wrongful and unjust judgments which it contains, but select for comment the following:

"There is a curious simplicity in our complaint that 'foreigners are wonderfully ignorant' of American geography. But why should they understand American geography? What have we done in our little century to make the features of our country famous and memorable—to interest the world in our cities, rivers, and mountains? There must be greater deeds than any that we can point to before we can expect foreigners to care greatly about a knowledge of our map. Lord Roseberg said lately in London that 'he could walk up to a map in the dark and put his finger on the site of Cicero's villa; but, if any one asked him where San Francisco was, he should have to think twice.' This goes the rounds of our journals to the blame of Lord Roseberg. Years ago a friend of mine, an American physician, was studying in Sir Astley Cooper's office in London. One day the great surgeon turned inquiringly to him. 'New York, New York,' he said. 'On which side of the river St. Lawrence is the city of New York?' Doubtless this is ignorance; but is it not odd that the fine American humor about which we hear so much fails to show us the irony of it? Is none of the blame, then, due to the cities of San Francisco and New York? Some cities not as large as these have not permitted themselves to be ignored."

It taxes one's patience to find an American surrendering himself so wholly to the utterly false estimate of greatness or renown implied in this passage. If Lord Roseberg is so enamored of his school-books that he cannot discern the relation of things, and must imagine a wholly valueless bit of fossil learning more worthy his intelligence than the stirring and significant facts of the present, there is no help for it; but it is to be deplored that an American is to be found who sanctions the sentiment, or who accepts it as the slightest proof of any thing but the mental narrowness and feebleness which excessive classical culture may sometimes bring upon a man. But let this pass. There always have been men, and we suppose there always must be, who forever fix their regards upon the past, whose imaginations live solely in the

careers of the dead. Our purpose at present is not with this (perhaps necessary) passion, but to consider the significance of the comments in the extract we have quoted from the *Galaxy* article.

It is assumed by Dr. Coan that America has done nothing to warrant the concern or attention of the rest of the world. We ask what it is she has left undone? Why is she ignored by the *dilettanti* and pedants abroad? She has not, it is true, produced quite so many books. She has not painted as many miles of canvas. She has not erected so many big and useless buildings. Not having equaled the old country in these few particulars, is this a good reason why all that her peculiar genius has accomplished must be utterly contemned or ignored? Is it nothing that she was the first to establish the broad principles of civil and religious liberty? Might not this fact have enlisted our Lord Roseberg's interest as much as the location of Cicero's villa? Is it nothing that she has exhibited an unparalleled energy in converting a wilderness into a vast and highly-developed civilization? Is it nothing that the ingenious and acute spirit of her people has given to the world the most important of recent inventions? Is it nothing that by the diffusion of general education she has lifted up to intelligence and social place the lowest of her citizens? Is it nothing that her civilization and her civil polity have secured to her people more happy homes and done more to elevate domestic life than any contemporary people? Are all these strong, and wise, and progressive, and emancipating things nothing beside Cicero's villa? It is quite true we have no old ruins, Roman or otherwise; we lack old cathedrals; we have no old pictures; we have a tolerably bloody and turbulent record, but not one so intensely wicked as that of other nations; we have no slumbering universities where the rubbish of the past may be idealized and worshiped; we are deficient in these immensely important things by which the greatness of a people is established; but we are as we are, and those who can set their idle toys above the living activities of a restless and conquering people should be left with contempt to their infatuation and folly.

SOMETHING should be said, in connection with the above, in regard to the over-estimation in which the arts are held by many people. That art gives grace, and beauty, and charm to life, is not to be denied; but art is continually discussed as if it were the fabric rather than the embroidery of existence—its object rather than an incidental feature. As a means of culture, art is overrated; as an elevating force, it is misunderstood. We have raved about sculpture, about paintings, and about architecture, as if the imaginations of men were the dominant force of intellect, and fancy more to be esteemed than reason

and judgment. It is overlooked that art-loving peoples are apt to become sensuous and effeminate; it is forgotten that solely by our robust virtues, and not by our sensibilities and emotions, can we win the crown of real greatness. All the art-treasures of Italy might well perish from the earth if by this means the stern and heroic virtues of the ancients could be restored. The assumption that the luxurious dreams of a painter or the soft measures of a poet can confer greatness upon us, is wrong and hurtful. It is by what we do in the sterner paths of life that we must take rank; and, if our courage and heroism, our struggles and conquests in the past, do not entitle us to the esteem of mankind, it would be better for our health of body and mind to do without it than to win it solely by catering to their tastes for pleasure.

We are continually called upon to admire the fine virtues and high character of the English gentleman, not only as he exists to-day, but as he stands revealed in the generations gone by. It is admitted, of course, that he has, and had, some faults and a few vices, but these faults and vices are and have been such as pertain to high life and good-breeding. One of these vices, as we all know, has been gambling—now, excepting at the race-course, very nearly extinct, but which existed in all its force within a few decades. This vice of gambling has been in a measure condoned by good society, because it was looked upon simply as a powerful excitement, the fascination of which is too intense for some minds to resist. Making money by gambling was left, it is supposed by most people, to professional gamblers. But, in the "Journals" of the late Charles Greville, the publication of which has recently made a great stir in England, we find a passage or two going to show that gambling has been employed by at least some English gentlemen as a means for replenishing their purses. The following extract from the "Journals" referred to is dated June 12, 1839:

"I have been at Otlands for the Ascot party. On the course I did nothing. Ever since the Derby ill-fortune has pursued me, and I cannot win anywhere. Play is a detestable occupation; it absorbs all our thoughts and renders us unfit for every thing else in life. It is hurtful to the mind and destroys the better feelings; it incapacitates us for study and application of every sort; it makes us thoughtful and nervous; and our cheerfulness depends upon the uncertain event of our nightly occupation. How any one can play who is not in want of money I cannot comprehend; surely his mind must be strangely framed who requires the stimulus of gambling to heighten his pleasures. Some, indeed, may have become attached to gaming from habit, and may not wish to throw off the habit from the difficulty of finding fresh employment for the mind at an advanced period of life. Some may be unfitted by nature or taste for society, and for such gaming may have a powerful at-

traction. The mind is excited; at the gaming-table all men are equal; no superiority of birth, accomplishments, or ability, avails here; great noblemen, merchants, orators, jockeys, statesmen, and idlers, are thrown together in leveling confusion; the only preëminence is that of success, the only superiority that of temper. But why does a man play who is blessed with fortune, endowed with understanding, and adorned with accomplishments which might insure his success in any pursuit which taste or fancy might incite him to follow? It is contrary to reason, but we see such instances every day. The passion of play is not artificial; it must have existed in certain minds from the beginning; at least some must have been so constituted that they yield at once to the attraction, and enter with avidity into a pursuit in which other men can never take the least interest."

It must be observed that the writer deplores the vice of gambling, is amazed that men of fortune should indulge in it, and thinks it can be justified only when the player is in want of money. The intense meanness of getting money in this way never seems to enter the mind of the writer. Mr. Greville was a man of high social position; he was a guest at the king's table; he had the access of the best houses; he was the friend of dukes, lords, bishops; in fact, had personal acquaintance with every statesman and conspicuous person of the time; hence, we may accept him as a representative man. He expresses his surprise that men should play for the excitement merely, hence it is highly probable, by his own example, that some of his contemporaries resorted to the gaming-table or the race-course for the purpose of money-making. All we can say is, that many, if not a majority, of Americans, vulgar and ill-bred, and low in caste as they appear to English blue-blood, would scorn with a great scorn the sentiments uttered by the high-bred Mr. Greville. They would pity a man who was a victim to the passion of gambling, but would have only contempt for one who made gambling a substitute for honest labor.

In an article in the February *Lippincott*, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper gives an anecdote happily illustrative of American as compared with Parisian politeness. Entering a public library in Philadelphia, she saw a gentleman who, intent in the perusal of a volume, was seated after the manner the "Americanized European" delights in:

"His chair was tipped back as far as it could be with safety inclined, and his feet rested on the table. 'Horrid fellow!' I said to myself, glancing at the obtrusive members, and going forward to the bookcase in search of the work I wanted. It proved to be of somewhat ponderous dimensions, and higher than I could conveniently reach, so I stood on tiptoe and tugged vainly at it for a moment. My friend of the feet saw my dilemma, and down went his book, and he sprang to my assistance in an instant. 'Allow me,' he said; and in a moment the heavy tome was brought down, dusted by a few turns of his pocket-handkerchief, and laid on the table for my accommodation. If he had but known it, there

was mingled with my thanks a world of unuttered but heart-felt apologies for my former hard thoughts respecting his attitude. And therein lay the difference between the two nationalities. A Frenchman would have died rather than have made a library-table a resting-place for his feet, but he would have let a woman he did not know break a blood-vessel by her exertions before he would have rendered her the slightest assistance."

We hope there are American gentlemen who can manage to sit with their nether limbs in a proper attitude, and yet retain the native readiness to oblige a lady in distress; but, no doubt, Mrs. Hooper's anecdote marks accurately the difference between the nature of our politeness and that of both Englishmen and Parisians—who are great sticklers for rules, for formality, for observances of established usage. But in that superior politeness which springs from right feeling and kindly sentiments, the Americans are entitled to no second place. This distinctive difference between our politeness and that of some of our transatlantic brethren explains, we think, a good deal that is a puzzle to many people. The American is very apt to find in Englishmen a brusqueness, even a coarseness, of demeanor that seems to him below the tone of manners in his own country, and hence he is surprised and perplexed at the accusations of vulgarity which he hears continually brought against his countrymen. In the "Greville Journals," just published, Mr. Greville frequently speaks of "American manners" as being vulgar; we even find Washington Irving condemned as lacking refined manners. An English lady of rank has declared that she never met a thorough, bred American woman. We must suppose that these accusations are brought in good faith, but we believe they arise from a less strict observance of usage on our part. An Englishman or a Parisian is governed at every step by rules. He knows in every situation exactly what to do, what to say, and what rule of conduct to follow; while an American, a little careless in minor particulars, violating this usage or that rule, would be apt, on the other hand, to be more cautious than an Englishman how he offended the *amour propre* of his associates. Nevertheless, for the sake of our national reputation abroad, it is much to be deplored that we are not more cautious in many little things, for it is by these minor usages, these surface manners, that people at first sight are judged.

MR. GLADSTONE began his public career with a splendid oratorical triumph; it is rather his merit than his fault that he retires from it amid defeat and party disaster. British statesmanship, after an unbroken succession of commanding abilities, from Chatham to the present, seems about to suffer an interregnum of commonplace leadership. Mr. Gladstone, wearied with public labors which have extended over nearly half a century,

pleads pathetically for a reward of rest, and will, with little doubt, retire from politics altogether, to the pursuit of studies and controversies more congenial to his eminently scholarly and theological temperament. Mr. Disraeli, who is some years older, is tortured by the gout, and undermined in health; and it is not unlikely that he may be forced ere very long to follow his great rival into private life. These two have long towered pre-eminent above the groups of the ministerial and opposition benches. Each, while he remained upon the scene, has been the only possible chief of his party. As different as two men could well be, they have both enjoyed unquestioned intellectual ascendancy over their followers. By whom will they be replaced? The House of Commons is supreme, and the real party-leaders must be members of it. On the Liberal side, but one among the younger generation of statesmen has betrayed the conspicuous brilliancy of intellect necessary to command party respect and enthusiasm in the country. Sir William Harcourt's time has, however, not yet come. In the prime of life, he is yet but a young member of the House; and he is too radical for the Whig wing of the Liberals. But if he lives and remains in politics, he is probably destined to become the prime-minister of a reorganized and restored party of reform. Meanwhile the Liberals must, according to the indications, be content with the hard common-sense and official tact and skill of our recent guest, Mr. William Edward Forster. As for the Tories, they have talents in abundance; but all their great men, excepting Mr. Disraeli, are in the House of Peers. The Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Cairns, are statesmen of the first rank. But they are doomed for life to the seclusion of a comparatively powerless assembly. The Tory Commoners—Mr. Hardy, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Ward Hunt, Mr. Cross—are rather good officials and fair debaters than originators of policies and champions of state strokes.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, confessedly the ablest of English Roman Catholic theologians, has at last opened his mouth on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's "Vatican Decrees." His defense of infallibility, however, is scarcely more satisfactory than that of Archbishop Manning. It is evident that his clear intellect is hampered by the principle of the blind reception of papal dogma to which he has subjected himself. He puts two cases, in one of which English Catholics would obey the pope and disobey the law, and in the other of which they would obey the law and ignore his holiness. If the law enjoined that all English subjects should attend the worship of the state Church, Catholics would regard a command of the pope, in spite of it, to celebrate the mass. But, were war declared, Catholics would fight for

the country, even though the pope interdicted them. Either shrewdly or unconsciously, Father Newman has avoided the gist of the issue raised by Mr. Gladstone. For, of his two supposed cases, one is clearly a matter of religious freedom and jurisdiction, and the other a purely secular and political concern. He cannot be ignorant that the collision between papal infallibility and allegiance to the state is not likely to occur in either case, each lying in a distinct and recognized domain. It is in cases where there is a *conflict* of authority that infallibility is regarded by Mr. Gladstone as likely to interfere with the loyalty of English subjects. If Father Newman had squarely met the point in its bearing on marriage, for example; if he had told us whether Catholics would obey a law instituting a purely civil marriage, in the face of a papal declaration that marriage, as a sacrament, is only binding when performed by a priest, he would have provided a fair test. Here is disputed ground—disputed in Germany, Austria, and Italy, as well as in England; and Father Newman can only prove his claim that English Catholics can be perfectly loyal English subjects, infallibility to the contrary notwithstanding, by answering for their obedience to laws which both the state and the pope claim that it is in their province to make. And the moment he tries to do this, he will find himself running tilt, not against Mr. Gladstone, but against Dr. Manning and Cardinal Antonelli.

Literary.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN GERMANY.

THE provincial German has only just gotten fairly rid of the idea that buffalo-hunts may at any time be engaged in in the suburbs of New York, and that bands of Indians, attired in paint and feathers, every morning convert the streets of Boston into peltry-marts. This and many other remarkable notions about America were largely due to the fact that great numbers of Germans formerly derived almost the whole of their knowledge of our country from Cooper's novels, and, having no conception of the rate at which things move in America, they supposed us to be in very much the same condition as when Leather-stocking and Chingachgook roamed the New-York forests.

Until a few years ago, Cooper's stories almost monopolized the field of American literature in Germany. It is true that Prescott's histories and Irving's sketches had some circulation, and, of course, men of wide scholastic attainments in Germany have long been familiar with the works of Franklin, Jefferson, and our other early political and scientific writers, including Gallatin, though he can hardly be called an American. But Cooper was the only American author whose books were really popular there. That his novels have held so high a place in the estimation of almost all classes of Germans, and that

there has been, for a number of years, such a steady demand for them from the presses of Leipsic and other German publishing emporiums, is probably due to the fact that they are thoroughly and distinctively American. The Germans generally did not think it worth while to read American books unless they were upon subjects about which we must necessarily have the best means of acquiring information. They did not think us sufficiently enlightened to accomplish anything noteworthy in the field of general literature, but, as to matters purely American, they naturally considered us the best judges. And, as the struggle of the pioneers of civilization against the hardships and dangers of the wilderness possesses a peculiar charm for the members of every branch of the great Teutonic family—strengthened, in the present instance, by the remembrance that the Western Hemisphere is the home of so many German emigrants—it is not strange that Cooper's stories of Indians, woodsmen, and fierce wild beasts, thrilling situations, and wonderful adventures and escapes, should find many readers within the German borders. And it will, probably, be long before these stories lose their charm in Germany or any other European country where they are known. To the people of the crowded cities and densely-inhabited districts of Western Europe, there is a charm about such descriptions of a free forest-life which nothing can dispel—except, perhaps, some experience of the hard, unromantic realities which such a life, of course, possesses in common with all other modes of existence.

But, of late years, a great change has taken place in public opinion among the Germans in connection with this subject. A truer idea of the real state of things in America having begun to prevail—even the people of the most out-of-the-way places being now open to conviction on the subject of a white man's turning black shortly after landing on our shores—a decided advance in familiarity with the works of our authors has been one of the natural results. Some persons, in all parts of Germany, read them in English, which they may do without trouble when they know the language, for untranslated editions are issued in large numbers, and in a surprisingly cheap form, by the Tauchnitz press, of Leipsic. But a much greater number of Germans get their ideas of our literature through the medium of translations, and with these they are now well supplied. The translations—of both prose and poetry—are, as a rule, remarkably good, and probably give the German reader about as fair a conception of the original work as a translation can ever be expected to do.

Just at this time Mr. Bret Harte seems to be perhaps the most popular of our contemporary authors—not distinctively poetic—with the mass of German readers. This may be partly due to the fact that his works, like those of Cooper, are thoroughly American. But their Americanism is, at least, that of the present or the immediate past, and not that of the dead colonial era. The peculiar humor and the almost equally distinctive pathos of Mr. Harte's stories and sketches seem to be well understood and appreciated in Ger-

many, and it is not improbable that many of his Teutonic readers find in them the same sort of attraction which made those of the late Fritz Reuter, though written in the provincial Platt-Deutsch dialect, such great favorites from one corner of Germany to the other. Especially strong evidence that our California author is widely known and highly esteemed in that country, is afforded by a sketch on "The Gold-Land and its Poet"—"Das Goldland und sein Dichter"—which, accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Harte, appeared in a late number of the well-known Leipsic journal, *Der Salog*.

The writer of that sketch, Udo Brachvogel, after giving a striking general account of California, says: "The gold-land, which has every thing, could not fail to have its poetical illuminator. Its Argonauts must necessarily find their rhapsodist; the characteristics, life-histories, and passions, of its early settlers could not lack their skillful limner, their explainer, their softener. All this they found in Bret Harte, in the man with the strange name, and the yet stranger power to conjure up, with minute, merciless strokes, pictures which are the touching, the humorous, and the terrible, in their very selves. To thoroughly understand these pictures one must compare them with Nature in the author's poetic fatherland. As this is, so is he. Over the stormiest ocean-surge arch the sunniest heavens; threatening, snow-clad declivities are mirrored in clear mountain-lakes, which seem to look out like children's eyes; and, even on the most dreadful cliffs of the towering mountains, lovely flowers are always blooming. And like this, the eternal Nature, so appears the human nature to us in Bret Harte's creations. The most terrible beside deep feeling, the most extravagant beside the tragic, the most malignant beside the self-sacrificing, and the most blackening beside glorification itself!" The writer then, at some length, proceeds to accord the highest praise to our author for the wonderful way in which he triumphantly combines all these widely-differing elements into one truly artistic whole. Want of space forbids the reproduction here of the many other eulogistic expressions contained in Brachvogel's sketch, but the following additional short extract will help to show how popular Mr. Harte's works have become among German readers: "In Germany a perfect storm of translators has precipitated itself upon them, at the head of which—banner and prize-bearer at once—Freiligrath has again proved his masterly skill, so well known of old, in a way that almost astonishes us. England is lucky enough to be able to enjoy the American author in his own mother-tongue."

Of our American poets, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, it would seem that Mr. Longfellow is the greatest favorite in Germany. His poems are read and admired in English by many, and in German by more. Good German versions of his shorter pieces often appear in the magazines, and volumes of selections from his works, more or less ably translated, have been issued at various times. One of the best of these is that of the Austrian soldier-poet, Friedrich Marx. This

remarkable man retired from the army after the war of 1866, between Austria and Prussia, and has since devoted himself exclusively to the literary pursuits which had long before begun to claim a large part of his time. He is a thorough scholar, and a poet of high merit, and there is an admirable fitness in the fact that Mr. Longfellow, whose own translations of German poems are so faithful and beautiful, should have for a translator one so worthy of the honor as Captain Marx.

The latter caused to be published, in 1868, at Leipsic and Hamburg, his selections from Longfellow's poems, under the title of "Neu-ausgewählte Gedichte Longfellow's, in freier Nachbildung."

Of these somewhat free but thoroughly-satisfactory translations, the one of the poem on the "Cumberland" and its heroic commander, officers, and crew, is so remarkably good that it may be not out of place to give it in full:

DER CUMBERLAND, 1862.

In Hampton Roads Bucht vor Anker lag
Die Kriegeschaluppe, der Cumberland;
Zuweilen nur hatte sich Trommelschlag
Wohl über die ruhige Bai verlör'n,
Oder klang ein Horn
Vom Lager am Strand.

Und dort, am südlichen Horizont, taucht
Ein Wölkchen schneeweissen Rauches nun auf:
Das Panzerschiff ist's, was verdichtet raucht;
Dass Cumberland's Eichenrippen zur Stund
Im Kampf es erkund',
Nimmt's hither den Lauf.

Schon dampft es herein wie schwimmender Wall
Zur Bucht im mürrischen Schweißen dort,
Nun spielt es aus seinen Lüken all'
In bläulichen Wolken die Flämmlein roth,
Den schrecklichen Tod
An Cumberland's Bord.

Wir waren nicht faul—die Breitseite singt
Nun donnernd zum Grusse, den Jener uns gab,
Doch machlos, wie Hagel vom Schieferdach
springt.

So prallt unser Eisenschauer nun auch
Vom schuppigen Bauch
Des Ungethüms ab.

Die Rebellen schrei'n: "Die Flagge streicht!"
Mit der Sklavenbarone teuflischem Grimm.
"Ein Schurke, wer ein Zollbreit weicht!"
Und tausend Cheers erschüttern die Luft,
Wie Held Morris es ruft
Mit donnernder Stimm'.

Wie der Höllenhund schwarz, wie ein Kraken
gros, zerbrach uns die Rippen seine Eisenramm';
Der Cumberland sank in den Meeresschooss
Zur Todesfeier die Salve noch kracht
Eh' hinab in die Nacht
Der Geborstene kam.

In ruhiger Bai begrüßte ja doch
Der nächsten Sonne Morgenstrahl
Am Hauptmast unsere Flagge noch!
O herrlicher Tod! Jedes Lüfchen, das weht,
War ein Hauch von Gebet,
War ein Trauerchoral!

O brave Herzen, wer ist euch gleich?
Sei Ruhm euch und Friede im Wellenschooss!
O Land, an solchen Männern noch reich,
Bald soll das zerrissene Banner dein
Wieder Einus nur sein,
Untheilbar und groos!

When the works of our authors are thus placed before German readers in a form which preserves the true spirit of the original, they cannot fail to be known and honored even by those who cannot read them in English. And it may be safely asserted, therefore, that

American literature in Germany is fast making its way to the high place in the favor of intelligent people which it really deserves.

MR. GEORGE WALKER has translated, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, two essays by Victor Bonnet on "The Payment of the Indemnity, and the Management of the Currency since the German War, 1870-'74," which is peculiarly a timely publication, affording most valuable information for all Americans engaged in studying the problem of our finances.

"The payment," says the translator, "of a thousand million dollars in gold as a ransom to a foreign country in the short space of two years and a half, after an almost equal expenditure at home, is an extraordinary achievement in finance; and to have done this, without disturbing the industry and commercial relations of the country, is a triumph of financial administration of which France may well be proud." Of equal interest to this is the management of the currency during the German War.

M. Bonnet, whose essays are here republished, is a financial writer of established reputation in France, and one of the witnesses invited by the government to testify before the Imperial Commission on Banks and Institutions of Credit in 1865. His theory is practically summarized in the translator's preface, from which we quote:

"The lesson in respect to the currency, which M. Bonnet aims to inculcate in these essays, is, that the maintenance of a paper circulation at par with gold, in any country, depends on two things: first, on a large stock of the precious metals constantly remaining in the country; and, secondly, on a favorable condition of the foreign exchanges. To the concurrence of these two essential conditions he attributes the remarkable fact, already mentioned, that the notes of the Bank of France have at no time, since the passage of the existing legal-tender law, been more than 2½ per cent. below par in gold (and that only for a very brief period), although in less than a year their volume was nearly doubled, and the specie reserve against them reduced by more than one-half. If this specie had left the country, as well as the bank, or if the foreign exchanges had been unfavorable, a very different result, according to our author, would have followed, as he shows by numerous examples of other countries, our own included. As it was, France retained most of her specie, though it was withdrawn from the bank and from use, and the people accorded to the notes, practically represented by it, though temporarily inconvertible, much the same sort of confidence which was formerly given to the notes and circulating receipts of the banks of Venice and of Amsterdam, a paper currency which was represented by a full equivalent of specie, seldom seen, it is true, but known to exist behind them.

"The opinions of M. Bonnet respecting the currency are those held by a large majority of the best English and French economists. He is not a bullionist, and, in fact, in the last of these essays, he endeavors to combat (without, as it seems to me, fairly stating) the views of that growing school. He holds to a mixed currency, with a large infusion of specie, and strongly supported by reserves of it behind the paper. He prefers the system of the Bank of France to that of the Bank of England, because it is less artificial, and less hampered

by positive laws, while its specie reserves are larger, and all its traditions and usages quite as conservative. A most interesting part of the last essay is that which contrasts the habits of the French people with those of the English in the use of bank accounts, checks, and other subsidiary instruments of credit, showing that the absence of these expedients makes a larger monetary circulation necessary in France than in England. In a letter which I addressed to Mr. Wells, the special Revenue Commissioner of the United States, in 1868, on the 'Currency Systems of the United States and Europe,' and which is printed in the appendix to his official report of that year, I called attention to this fact, and to the national peculiarities from which it arises. With much ampler means of information, M. Bonnet fully confirms the conclusions, with respect to France, at which I arrived in that letter.

"In point of economy in the use of capital, the English have signally the advantage, inasmuch as the widely-ramified system of banks and savings-banks in the United Kingdom gathers up and aggregates all the petty hoards and savings of the nation, drawing almost the entire metallic stock of the country, not in actual use, into the Bank of England. But this far-reaching economy entails on the country corresponding dangers. It makes it peculiarly susceptible to crises, and involves the whole nation in any misfortunes which may overtake the centre. The entire kingdom vibrates with every shock experienced in London; and London, as we have seen so many times in the last three years, is agitated by every political or commercial event which disturbs the tranquillity of Europe or America.

"What France loses by the wide diffusion and comparative immobility of her capital is partly made up by the greater steadiness which results from a system of trade and industry, which segregates it in the hands of individuals, and renders each person, trade, and section, measurably independent of what happens to others."

There can be no doubt this is a valuable contribution to our own currency discussion, and we commend it to the study of all interested in the problem. (D. Appleton & Co., publishers.)

THE REV. MESSRS. ABBOTT AND CONANT'S recently-published dictionary of Biblical and general religious information* seems to us—though we do not pretend to have yet had time for any very close scrutiny into its accuracy in intricate matters of scholarship—to supply, with considerable success, a very common public want. Its plan is excellent, and is carried out with a nearly perfect consistency; it embraces so much, that the four qualities which the preface claims for the work are not too much to grant it. The preface says it is a biblical dictionary, a theological dictionary, a dictionary of ecclesiastical history, and finally a dictionary of ecclesiastical terms; and certainly the book seems to fill the requirements of all these.

The body of the work is preceded by a list of titles merely, but followed by a most complete and very valuable index, which shows, at a glance, the plan and scope of the

* A Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, for Popular and Professional Use; comprising Full Information on Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Subjects. Illustrated. Edited by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, assisted by the Rev. T. J. Conant, D. D. 1 vol. Harpers: New York.

volume, and the relation between the various articles. The articles themselves are, of course, arranged in simple alphabetical order; but, in our preliminary general examination of the book, we found the full index more valuable, in showing the exact places of the subdivisions of subjects, than almost any thing we have ever seen in a similar work of reference. We have spoken of the index first, indeed, because we believe that a buyer of the book could get no inconsiderable idea of its arrangement and system by looking at this list as a preliminary to more careful examination.

The treatment of the historical and biblical subjects is concise without being, so far as we have seen, defective in any way; and that of the theological and ecclesiastical subjects is exceptionally impartial for a work of this kind. The chief editor, in his preface, says, in regard to this: "In the theological articles the editor has endeavored to give a simple, honest, and impartial statement of the principal theological opinions of the present day, without obtruding upon them his own prepossessions. In this respect this work will be found to differ from most theological dictionaries. For example, in such articles as 'Atonement' and 'Baptism,' the reader will find, not the arguments for the views which the editor believes to be in accordance with Scripture, but a simple statement of the principal theories entertained by different schools of theology. He has pursued the same course in treating of all, even the most fundamental, questions. Though his personal sympathies are all Protestant and Evangelical, yet, in treating of the opinions of the Rationalists and Romanists, he has endeavored to present a statement of their views which they will themselves acknowledge to be impartial and accurate." This is candid; and, though the last clause probably asks too much, the general profession seems to be borne out by the facts.

The illustrations used in the "Dictionary" are generally excellent, and plans are judiciously used to supplement merely picturesque views of places, buildings, etc. The whole make-up of the book is exceedingly attractive, and the type of just the proper style and size for a work of easy reference.

Not the least valuable parts of the book are the appendices, which are elaborate and apparently careful and accurate, and which treat of the following subjects: The Great Prophecies and Allusions to Christ in the Old Testament, cited in the New (a complete list); The Names, Titles, and Characters of the Son of God, etc., as found in the Scriptures; Passages in the Old Testament quoted or alluded to in the New Testament; Index showing the probable Occasion on which each of the Old Testament Prophecies was uttered (from Townsend's Bible); A Tabular Statement of the Laws of Moses; an Itinerary of the Children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan; Chronological Order of the Books of the Old and New Testaments; Chronological Index to the Bible, to the Death of Solomon; Chronological Table of the Kings and Prophets of Judah and Israel; Connection of the Old and New Testaments; Harmony of the Four Gospels; and Tables of Times, Weights, Measures, etc.

THE *Academy* has a review of a collection of the earliest critical writings by Sainte-Beuve, a translation of which is soon to appear in New York, from the press of Messrs. Holt & Co. The French title of the book is "Premiers Lundis." "It seems," says the *Academy*, "from the statement of the editor, M. Jules Troubat, that M. Sainte-Beuve at first disliked the idea of reprinting these papers, but that, on second thoughts, he was desirous that they should be collected. His second thoughts were best, for, though these essays want the biographical interest of the later 'Lundis,' and though several of them are slight reviews of ephemeral books, they show how firm, how acute, and temperate, was M. Sainte-Beuve's taste from the very first, and they recall, too, some quaint fragments of literary gossip. It would be well if, now that M. Victor Hugo's poetry has ceased to have the attraction of novelty, his admirers could write of him as dispassionately as M. Sainte-Beuve did in 1827. He was not carried away by the enthusiasm of the romantic school any more than he was influenced by the frigid and formal taste of his master, M. Daunou. . . .

"There is an article on Hoffmann's tales in this volume which expresses with perfect clearness and terseness, as well as with admirable illustration, the limits and nature of the fantastic in art. It is curious to look at a contemporary review of the same writer by Sir Walter Scott, and to admire in how accomplished and certain a style the young critic says what the old poet labors vainly to express. The contrast is very strange and touching. Scott was noting in his diary that his brilliant and sparkling fancies were leaving him, that the 'wine is somewhat on the lees, perhaps it was but indifferent cider after all.' In his review of Hoffmann it is too plain that his hand is out, that his genius has deserted him, that the right word will not come to him, that he cannot seize and shape his thought.

"Well, that essay was written in a time of great sorrow, and pain, and poverty, to help a poor brother-author. And this, with many such acts, is the answer to M. Sainte-Beuve's attack on Scott's 'Life of Napoleon,' as a mercenary work. Scott did compile it for money, certainly; it was part of that struggle to pay his creditors, which killed him. But there was nothing sordid in his motives. If he spoke hardly of Napoleon, then Lanfrey more; if he made slips and errors, then M. Thiers not less; if he smiled at Napoleon's eloquence, his taste was at one with the taste of his countrymen; and, as for the 'strange and grave imputation on General Gourgaud,' Scott established it by documents, and was only too anxious to give the general the usual satisfaction. 'If a quarrel be fixed on me, Jackie, I will not baulk him,' Scott wrote to William Clerk. M. Sainte-Beuve's review of the 'Life of Napoleon' is excusably bitter, and he carefully distinguishes between the poet he admires and the historian he disparages. But Goethe praised what Sainte-Beuve despised. . . . On the whole, the impression left by the book is that Sainte-Beuve was a calm impartiality, 'contemplating all.'"

"CONSIDERABLE interest," according to our Paris correspondent, who writes under date of January 1st, "has been excited in literary circles by the approaching reception of Alexandre Dumas at the Académie Française. It is said that the discourse which, according to custom, he is to pronounce on taking his seat, will be, not a eulogium on his deceased predecessor, as is *en règle*, but one on his father, who never was admitted to those sacred pre-

cincts. The strong filial affection of the younger Dumas never would suffer him to become a candidate for membership to the Academy while his father was alive. 'If any Dumas takes his seat there,' he was wont to say, 'it must be the elder, not the younger one.' But the wonderful old man went to his grave without obtaining the coveted distinction, and so the son determined to stir the dry bones of the venerable institution by such a discourse as has not been heard there for many a day, vindicating his father's claims to admission, and setting forth in full light the causes which led to their being ignored. The author of 'Monte-Cristo' and 'Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle' certainly had an incontestable right to be numbered among the sacred 'Forty.' But what can be expected of the institution which shuts out Taine and admits Mezières? I should greatly like to be present at the reception of M. Dumas, but I hear that it will be impossible to procure a ticket. Very few tickets of admission to these solemnities are ever issued, and these few are presented to the different members for the use of their families, so that the chances of an outsider's obtaining one are very few in number. I am told that M. Mezières is the youngest of all the academicians, and Alexandre Dumas will probably come next in point of youthfulness. The author of 'La Dame aux Camélias' is a grave, thoughtful, refined-looking man, with scarcely a trace of the negro taint in his blood to be discerned, except in the crisp waviness of his hair, which is very thick, and which he wears quite long and brushed back in a heavy mass from his intellectual-looking brow."

The Arts.

SOME NEW PICTURES.

SINCE the beginning of the winter season there have been a large number of good paintings in the exhibition-rooms of all the picture-dealers.

Among the most interesting of these is a very fine study by Jules Breton, of a peasant-girl sitting in a shady spot in thick woods. The color of the girl is very dark and gray from the nature of her surroundings; but, in the transition from one dark tint to another, Breton has shown great power in rounding the soft arms and wrists, and giving distance to one foot carelessly crossed over the other. Among all the foreign painters whose work is displayed in New York, there is scarcely any one who seems to us to do so much with such simplicity. Breton never resorts to artificial or unusual effects to give his pictures interest or force; but, taking a common subject and placing it in a common light from real love of making a natural-looking person in a natural position, he renders French peasant-life in a very fresh, and spirited, and thorough way. The spectator always feels that there is a solid person under the folds of the dresses of his women; and bronzed, weather-beaten cheeks and sunburnt hair, live and elastic muscles, give his paintings a freshness and interest beyond any that derive charm from artificial effects.

Breton does not paint with the grace of Bouguereau, but he is much stronger, and does not exhibit the slightest trace of the diletanteism, and effeminacy that wearies one

after a time in even the best of Bouguereau's pictures.

Another picture, very charming in its way, is a little Zamacois—a scene in a garden that might be taken in one of the wooded paths of Versailles. Against a background of old forest-trees dark and large, and leaning against a pedestal that supports the bust of some old Greek god, the king's jester stands lightly poised. The man is clad in scarlet, with his fool's cap pushed back from his forehead, and he is intently contemplating a little toy he holds in his hand. At his feet a bouquet of flowers suggests some tender sentiment, and the solitude of the place marks it as a fitting rendezvous for lovers.

This picture, like so many of the French school, is painted for the sake of showing skill in drawing from the "model," and the artist has succeeded more than commonly well in giving his subject grace and unstudied action.

The scarlet doublet, tagged cape, and hose, too, are rendered extremely well. The face of the man, not much bigger than one's thumb-nail, is painted up to a great point of modeling, and each lock of the gray hair and beard is as distinct and formed as if it were life-size. To any one who even begins to realize the multitude of difficulties in making a good painting, the thoroughness and knowledge of such artists as Zamacois are a subject of constantly fresh astonishment.

One of the best Boughtons we have seen for some time is a little painting of a French peasant-girl toiling along under her heavy hamper of grass, a burden which bends her back over, and which is a sight one sees so often in Europe, and almost never here in America. The girl is walking along one of the dusty roads so usual in the country, and her wooden clogs stir up the white powder, that makes a sort of film round her feet and petticoat. The color in her pink skin, her bright hair, and her clothes, are charming, and there is a roundness to all the forms of her dress and person much superior, we think, to the usual flat tints in which Boughton generally lays on and finishes his paintings. This painting besides is small, and the figure, about the size of the people in his Pilgrim pictures, and in the "Heir Presumptive," is not surrounded, as is usual with Boughton's men and women, by a dreary reach of illimitable landscape and—canvas.

Another new and interesting work is by Oswald Achenbach, of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius covered with dense smoke, which also darkens the bay. The sky toward sunset is filled with light-pink clouds, and across the water beyond the mountain the slanting rays of the sun light up and magnify the distance beyond two or three little islands that stand half across the bay.

On the beach in the foreground the gray water, shadowed by the canopy of smoke, is combed up into wool, and under this smoke, which is spread out like a fan, the deep purple face of the volcano is lighted here and there by red threads of lava trickling down its side.

This is a very excellent specimen of Achenbach, and, added to the interesting arrangement of lights and shadows, different

impressions are produced very positively by the watery, atmospheric clouds, the sooty smoke, and the quivering, wrinkled sea. The weak point in the picture, if there be one, is in the waves that wash the near shore, whose forms seem more of the fabric of real wool than like the multitude of fine bubbles that really compose them.

Ziem, also, is represented by a charming little bit of autumn; some giant chestnuts, russet and yellow, stand behind the wall of an old French garden-terrace, whose steps lead down to the water; over the trees is a sky of the deepest blue, and the color of the flowing river is full of lovely tints.

We have seldom seen any water-color sketches by Fortuny, and the recent death of that artist renders particularly interesting the sketch of a lady that Avery has at his rooms. The advice of Couture, "*Dessinez, dessinez toujours*," was perfectly carried out by Fortuny, and hundreds, if not thousands, of his bold blots of color or delicate tracery were sent up from Rome to Paris, or remained in the portfolio in his studio. This sketch of his at Avery's was, we are told, done in about two hours. Yet few highly-elaborated paintings could delineate, so well as a few broad touches in this picture, an arm showing through black lace; a black, thin veil touching the back of a head, covered with black, glossy hair; or the time and character of the figure.

What Chopin is to music, it appears to us that Fortuny is to art, and both of them have more of the gypsy wildness and strangeness of Spain in their works than of the sweet, classical composure of Italy, or the sharp, graceful *esprit* of France.

Another picture, very peculiar in its subject, its key of color, and the manner of laying on the paint, is by a Hungarian artist, of a scene in a fortune-teller's cave. An old hag, brawny as a man and wild as Meg Merrilies, all wrinkles, muscles, and coarse strength and artifice, bends over her caldron that piles rose-color and every tint of the bouquet through an old brown den, dusky with recesses and dreary with utensils of a witch's cave. Skulls, bats, and the common furniture of such places, appear here and there. Nearly in the centre of the picture, and as rigid as a statue, sits a young and beautiful woman, with her gaze riveted on the boiling caldron of the sorceress. Her marble, delicate features and big, dreamy eyes are in strange contrast with the foulness of her surroundings. On her exquisitely-painted hands, that rigidly grasp the arms of her chair, glitter many jewels, and her splendid dress of bright violet is the one mass of strong light in the picture. Behind her, and clad in the Hungarian costume, with gold tags and bangles depending from her head, an attendant stands upright, and, like the lady, fixed as if of stone.

Much of the accessory part of this painting is national to Hungary, and that, and its imaginative treatment and the curious palette of tones the artist has employed, render it as interesting a painting as we have often seen in New York.

All of these paintings we have described are at Avery's Gallery, and, whenever we

study the many charming works of art there, especially the carefully-selected paintings, among which an ordinary one very rarely appears, we congratulate ourselves on there being a few such choice spots as this, where real art-lovers may gather new ideas, and where they will experience pleasure of a very uncommon degree.

THE pope has done one thing for which all art-lovers are likely to thank him. He has resolved to place around the cupola of St. Peter's the twelve statues which Michel Angelo designed to have placed there, but which have been neglected ever since. Of all the wonders of Rome the great Basilica is the most august; but, approached from the Castello St. Angelo, the cupola is certainly disappointing. It is very proper that the twelve statues should at last complete the architect's most cherished work, just now that the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth is about to be celebrated. In such a celebration all Christendom may heartily join; and that Peter's pence should be devoted to it seems not less proper. The dome has always wanted something, and perhaps this omission of Buonarrotti's design has been the lacking feature. It is a pity, however, that the statues could not have been executed by him who reared the edifice, and whose various talent also chiseled the colossal Moses, and that noble figure of David which stands outside the door of the Old Palace at Florence. In commemorating that fruitful career of wellnigh ninety years, artists, sculptors, architects, and poets, must contend for the fame of Michel Angelo; for he belonged to the craft of each, and it is difficult to decide which he made preëminently his.

ONE who signs himself an "Old Artist" writes to an English periodical of Gothic architecture, as follows: "Analyze it, and what do we find its elements to consist of? First, foliated and floral device, often in luxuriance, laid as it were upon a framework of geometric shape, connected and varied by means of lines, dots, teeth, stars, and such-like things, with occasional representation of angels, men, and beasts—mostly ugly, sometimes hideous. Enter one of our cathedrals, and what is the kind of feeling that comes over you? It is one of gloom, of depression—lowering of the healthy tone of the vital system; and yet we are told this is a reverential feeling, proper and befitting Christian worship. The fact is, this does not savor of heaven, but of Rome; it is sepulchral; its very odor is mouldiness and chill."

Music and the Drama.

THE signs of the times appear to indicate that the day of great stars and extravagant prices in opera, at least for America, is over for the present. It is just possible that Mdle. Patti might make her engagement at great terms profitable for the manager, but there is no other. The Nilsson and Albani experiments have been disastrous pecuniary failures, and lovers of Italian opera are beginning to ask, "Why cannot we have stock performances at popular prices?" Managers

often make great mistakes in underrating the public, as well as the reverse error. It is true that stock opera (we call it so for distinction, though until within the last five years our finest performances would come under this category) would not be so attractive to that limited class who measure the value of all things by expense—the glittering aristocrats, whose diamonds, laces, and carriages, have been transmuted from codfish, petroleum, shoddy, etc. There are a vast number of cultivated and sensible people, however, whose purses are disproportionate to their culture and refinement, who would cordially welcome this return to a former system. We are firmly convinced that an organization of Italian opera, the principal members of which would be careful and accomplished, though not necessarily celebrated artists, has in it the foundation of a certain success. The *impresario* could find ample field for his higher ambition in the superior attention given to those often-neglected features—the chorus and orchestra.

These remarks are suggested not simply by the entire failure of the "starring" experiments in opera, but by the constantly-recurring evidences of brilliant but unutilized talent in our midst. There can be but little doubt that there are not a few Italian singers, both soprano and tenor, whose gifts and attainments only need the opportunity to make a brilliant display, and cause the public to query, bitterly, "Why have we been so fleeced to meet the extortionate demands of foreign artists, with so much valuable material at home?" There would be no difficulty in organizing a company for Italian opera, made up mostly, if not quite, of American material.

For example, the writer recently had the pleasure of hearing a new singer, Mdle. Ridenti, at two different concerts. A charming person, marked dramatic talent, and a voice alike brilliant in quality and cultivation, marked the possessor of all the attributes necessary for operatic success. The Heilbron concerts were not the best adapted to display the *débütante's* excellences, but the auditors were quick to recognize the challenge to their admiration. Mdle. Ridenti is an American lady, trained in the best school of vocalism, who has already sung in Italy during several seasons. Her rendering of the music of Rossini and Donizetti (especially the great test *aria* of "Una voce poco fa") was highly artistic and intelligent, and indicated still greater possibilities. The compass, quality, and culture of the voice, showed themselves reinforced by alert and sympathetic qualities, that could hardly fail, under proper conditions, to make her a public favorite. This is one of several examples which might be quoted, showing the existence of excellent material in our midst, which only needs to be brought forward.

Who will assume the responsibility of an Italian opera company, organized essentially on the basis of home talent? Mr. Max Maretzek is, of all the *impresarii*, best fitted by experience and daring to undertake such a project. His name would be the best of *impresatura*, and he would assuredly get the thanks of the music-loving public.

A RECENT lecture by Dr. Geo. F. Bristow before the Grand Conservatory of Music of New York, on "Instrumentation," was full of value rather by its suggestion of possibilities than by its actuality. The lecturer illustrated several of his points by the performance of a string quartet. This very interesting feature, however, was quite limited in its use, much to the disappointment of the audience, and to the detriment of the instruction sought to be rendered. It is easy to conceive how a lecture, or a series of lectures, on the principles of orchestration, as shown in the works of the great leading composers, might be made of much interest and value to musical people.

There is hardly any subject more calculated to excite the curiosity and admiration of thinking people than the peculiar grasp and power shown in the composition of a symphony or other great orchestral work. The number of elements involved in the treatment of the theme, the coherence and symmetry necessary to be preserved, the different kinds of coloring given by the varied groups of instruments and their combinations, constitute a total of difficulties to be overcome, perplexing in the extreme to the ordinary mind. In Victor Hugo's saying that in Beethoven's composition of the Ninth Symphony he recognized a much more incomprehensible power than that shown in Dante's "Divina Commedia" or Shakespeare's "Macbeth," we have a reflection of the current feeling. The effects of orchestral music may be felt very keenly, but unless the auditor be a trained musician and critic, he is baffled in all attempt at analysis.

A well-known pianist of New York, Mr. J. N. Pattison, has recently attempted, with some degree of success, to illustrate lectures on music by the performance of representative works on the one instrument. Such great composers as Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and others, however, can best be known by their orchestral works. The lecturer, who should attempt to present a critical study of these musical writers, would need for his illustrations the flute, clarinet, oboe, and French horn, in addition to the string quartet, in order to convey any reasonable reproduction of the fine effects. An attempt of this kind would only come within the means of a musical school, for no conductor otherwise than a professor would care, perhaps, to busy himself about the merely didactic.

An evening's entertainment, uniting a scholarly and able lecture with illustrative performances after the manner suggested, would be quite unique of its kind, and would arouse a good deal of musical interest. Dr. Bristow's lecture, to which we have referred, fell far short of this end, as like in its scope and the means used, but it clearly pointed to brilliant possibilities, which would not merely answer the technical purpose of teaching, but furnish a great pleasure to cultivated people. There are but few of us, however fond of music and accustomed to hear it at the hands of the finest orchestras, competent to distinguish the varied means used by two composers, even so wide apart as Mendelssohn and Wagner, to embody their ideas, and to

see in the instrumental coloring the nicely-shaded peculiarities of these creative minds. For instance, Wagner frequently uses the French horn or the trumpet to carry the principal melodic phrase, and subordinates the stringed instruments to an accompaniment. Mendelssohn, on the other hand, more strictly classical and conventional, rarely fails to give the main burden of the musical thought to the strings. These, and many other peculiarities, might be made subjects of valuable comment by the scholarly lecturer, so as to throw much light on things which now perplex the listener at concerts, when he strives to get at the *rationale* of a work, and the motives dominant in the imagination of the composer. One work would thus be made to throw light on another, and clews be furnished to the mind which would be of inestimable service in unraveling the closely-twisted chain of harmony. A public lecture, or series of lectures, of the kind we refer to, if ably handled by some well-known musician, alike accomplished in practice and theory, would be a public boon.

A NEW comedy, entitled "Women of the Day," which first saw light on the American stage at Philadelphia, was produced last week at Daly's Theatre. It is a society comedy; and, like all comedies of this character, is made up largely of brilliant dresses and fine scandal. It is called an American comedy because a few local names familiar to us are used, and the greater part of the action is supposed to take place at Saratoga; and no doubt it bears almost as much resemblance to social life here as anywhere else, its likeness to anything human off the stage being as distant as its likeness is close to many phases of life the stage has hitherto depicted. The plot is too slight, and the characters too sketchy, to give the play much tenacity of life, although the language is bright, and some of the characterizations are amusing. In one scene it degenerates into farce, but the scene elicits roars of laughter from the multitude; and the actors will here be tolerably sure to heed this applause rather than to listen to the censure of the few. The story is of love and jealousy—of course; a young lady is betrothed, flirts with a notorious lady-killer during her fiancé's absence; is compromised; but all is cleared up by a duel—that inevitable and truthful feature of fashionable comedy.

This comedy purports to be an original one, but there are some indications that it is of foreign extraction. Unfortunately, the bad example of the dramatists leaves one ever in doubt whether a play is original or not, inasmuch as commonly the claim of originality is not supported by the facts. No author would dare claim a book to be his that he had only translated or adapted; no one, in science or art, is permitted to appropriate any thing he did not originate. Why is it, then, that a different code of morals exists in regard to plays? It is time, we think, the public and the critics should endeavor to change all this, and to insist that dramatic writers are as bound as other writers are to acknowledge the source of their performances.

"THE great social event of the season," writes our Paris correspondent, under date of January 1st, "the opening of the new Opera-House, is now so nigh at hand, and so definitely settled, that the Colonne Morris now display small, pink-tinted placards, which set forth to all interested parties that the *Soirée d'Inauguration* is positively to take place on Tuesday next, January 5th. As yet it is not altogether known what the inaugural performance is to be. The government, it is stated, have taken possession of the house for the first night, and will issue invitations to all notabilities and leading personages in Paris. Up to the 1st of January, the American minister had received no invitation, or any intimation that one was to be sent to him, so it is possible that the claims of the representatives of Uncle Samuel to a share in the festivities of the occasion are to be wholly ignored. The Septennat has been far from imitating the Empire in the matter of extending courtesies to the Americans abroad. M. Garnier, two days ago, handed over solemnly to M. Halançier the keys of the great edifice, which keys amount in number to over nine thousand! This prodigious number may be accounted for by the fact that every box-door in the building is furnished with six keys, and that every door, whether of dressing-room, box, or any other division of the building, has its separate lock and duplicate keys. Madame Nilsson's rooms in the Boulevard Haussmann are said to resemble a greenhouse from the profusion of the floral offerings which are daily sent to the petted and popular *dées*.

"The sudden and unexpected, but hardly deserved collapse of 'La Haine,' has excited much comment in dramatic circles here. Sardou's letter on the matter is universally condemned as a specimen of atrocious bad taste, he having displayed therein the petty spite of a disappointed schoolboy. It was a fearful blow to him, doubtless, after the wealth of time and care that had been lavished in the preparation of the drama, to say nothing of the actual cost in money, which must have been very great. Every thing that could insure success, whether in the matter of performers, scenery, costumes, or rehearsals, had been lavished upon it, and the result has been a failure—a total and disastrous failure. The great play lived scarcely as many weeks as months had been expended in its preparation."

Science, Invention, Discovery.

CERTAIN MUD-MASONS AND THEIR WORK.

THE wonders of the insect-world are of a nature to attract the artisan equally with the naturalist, and in their study both orders of workmen will find abundant cause for wonder and admiration. What product of the paper-mill exceeds in the beauty of its texture and coloring the material with which the common wasp builds its nest? What loom ever turned out a more delicate fabric than that in which the silk-worm or caterpillar clothes itself when it weaves its delicate cocoon? or what lace was ever more perfect in form and fibre than the spider's web? And, when we turn from the worker to his instruments, the marvel is enhanced a thousand-fold. While man with his reason is able to construct machinery to accomplish his work, the insect relies, and will always rely, only

upon the constructive skill with which it has been endowed. In its case the implements are always the same; and yet how diverse and wonderful are the results!

In our last number attention was directed to the wisdom and skill of those caterpillars that weave for themselves a hanging tomb, and thus, safe from the attack of their enemies, await in security that change, of the approach of which they were so long conscious, and for which they have made such elaborate preparation.

In continuation of a theme which cannot but prove of interest to every lover of Nature,



Pelopæus Wasp, building Nest.

we venture to direct the reader's attention to the labors of a few of the more skillful of insect-artisans, whose work is allied to that of the mason; and, in doing so, we again acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. H. W. Bates's "The Naturalist on the Amazon."

The journey of the naturalist has brought him to Santarem, a small town lying just within the mouth of the Tapajós. Near this town is to be found a bed of stiff, white clay, which supplies its inhabitants with material from which they manufacture coarse pottery cooking-utensils, while various varieties of so-called mud-wasps are equally active, and rival the human workers in their skill and the beauty of their handiwork. Among the most conspicuous of these is the *Pelopæus fistularis*, and the method and nature of its work may be the better understood by a reference to the accompanying illustration.

Having chosen a site for its nest, generally the side of some twig or branch, the industrious little builder starts at once for its sole source of supply, the clay-bank. This it approaches with a loud hum, and, on alighting, loses no time in surveying the ground, but begins its work at once. This work consists in collecting the clay in little, round pellets, which are of just such a size as can be carried in its mouth. Two or three minutes only are needed to prepare the burden, which is at once borne away to the chosen site. It is an interesting fact, the significance of which does not as yet appear to be fully understood, that the hum or song of these insects differs in character with that of the work in which it is engaged, the triumphant song that it sings on approaching the nest being changed to a cheerful hum as it engages in the process of construction. In

describing this method of construction, Mr. Bates, who was permitted to watch it for some time, states that the little ball of moist clay was laid on the edge of the cell and then spread out around the circular rim by means of the lower lip guided by the mandibles. The insect places itself astride over the rim, and on finishing each addition to the structure takes a turn around, patting the sides with its feet inside and out, and then flies off to gather another pellet.

As this nest is designed for the home of their progeny, and as, long before these see the light, their faithful parents may be dead or lost to them, it is fitting that some preparation should be made for the life and sustenance of the young. In order to effect this, before the nest is completed and sealed, the mother proceeds to stock it with the food that its child will like the best. This food consists mainly of spiders of the genus *Gastrancetra*. And here we find the marvelous instinct of the little creature best exhibited. Knowing well that, if the nest be filled with dead spiders, their bodies would soon decompose and become obnoxious instead of palatable, the mother, after catching the prey, so wounds or disables it that, though it still lives, yet all power to injure the young or disturb the egg is gone. In this state the unhappy victims have but to await the hatching of the egg, an event which is the immediate precursor of their doom.

A second, and in some respects a more skillful mud-mason, is the wasp known to naturalists as the *Trypoxylon aurifrons*, the nests of which are shown above. These, it will be observed, are more symmetrical in form than those of the *Pelopæus*, and the worker had evidently an eye to beauty and grace of form as well as stability and safety. Indeed, the form at once suggests the possibility that man may have stolen the model, since so closely do they resemble certain ancient vases and water-jars.

The *Trypoxylon* is more friendly in its habits than its companions, and often chooses for the location of its cell the walls or doors of chambers, or the rafters of a deserted



Cells of *Trypoxylon Aurifrons*.

garret. In the method of securing and conveying the clay, it follows the example of the *Pelopæus*, and also has a different song when it approaches or leaves its nest. This song of these insects appears to be one of their peculiar habits; and it is said that, when several of them are at work in one room, they create quite an uproar. The purpose of this little clay vase is to furnish a safe home for the egg and a store-house for the progeny, and the unlucky spider falls a victim again in the same manner and for the same purpose as above described.

A third species of these wasps is the *Eu-*

menes coarctata; and, if we were to judge from the form of their nest, we might justly conclude that they had served an apprenticeship under their more stalwart and noisy neighbors the *Trypoxylon*.

As the purpose of all these cells is the same, and the methods of their construction also very similar, an extended account of these *Eumenes* will hardly be needed. The illustration serves to show the character of the cell and the nature of its surroundings. Each nest is designed only for a single occupant, and so contains but one cell. The food that goes into this store-house is more deli-



Cells of *Eumenes*.

cate, as befits the character of the inmate. It consists mainly of the larvæ of small *Lepidoptera*. This little creature is not without its enemies, who, according to Mr. Wood, contrive to deposit their eggs in the larvæ in spite of the hard walls of the cell, and, once hatched, the little wasp finds himself compelled to share his store with the intruders, and thus, in spite of the mother's thoughtful care, may find itself compelled, like many another, to begin the conflict of life very early.

THE interest manifested by the public in the success of the several proposed methods for crossing the British Channel continues unabated, nor will it subside until both the Bessemer and Castalia have made their final trial-trips. The novel features of these vessels have been illustrated and described in the JOURNAL. The trial-trip of the Castalia was unfortunate, and yet the owners are confident that the defects are not vital, and hence request a suspension of judgment until the proposed changes in the boilers are made. In the mean time the announcement reaches us that the trial-trip of the Bessemer was successful beyond the highest hopes of the constructors. It is well to note, however, that the Bessemer's saloon—the strictly novel feature of this vessel—is not yet in working order, and therefore not included in the trial, the following extended but interesting account of which appears in the Engineer: "The Bessemer's engines being complete, she made a trip on Monday last. The steamer should have started at nine o'clock in the morning, but she was detained till after ten o'clock by a thick fog on the Humber. The fog was succeeded by a heavy snowfall, which was at its worst when

the measured mile was passed, and lasted till the afternoon, leaving an insufficient duration of daylight for the trial of engine-power and speed, and compelling the pilot to return to Hull. The bearings of one of the engines showed a tendency to heat, rendering some slight adjustments necessary. The day was not, however, wasted, as on the run back to Hull, with the steam at a pressure of only nineteen pounds, and the engines making only twenty revolutions, the speed against a strong head-wind was ascertained to be fourteen knots, or over sixteen miles an hour, which was considered to make it certain that a very high speed indeed will be attained with full steam-power, which should be thirty pounds pressure, and with the engines making nearly or quite thirty revolutions. The steering of the ship was admirable, the ship answering the helm very quickly, and turning in a very small circle for so large a vessel. The behavior of the lower freeboard bow was watched with great interest by Mr. Reed, the designer, and all on board. The bow-wave carried was remarkably small, and, even when steaming at over sixteen miles an hour, against a strong head-wind and some sea, the low deck was seldom covered by the waves. As the trial was simply for the information of the contracting engineer, only ordinary north-country coal and the usual staff of stokers were employed. This preliminary trial developed no defects of any kind in the Bessemer, but has gone far to establish the accuracy of the views upon which she has been built, as regards the performance of the ship and of the engines. On one point the trial exhibited a very remarkable and highly-satisfactory result, namely, the manner in which the two sets of paddle-wheels worked together. The effect of the broken water of the forward wheels is so slight in its action upon the after pair of wheels that the difference between the revolution of the two wheels was never greater than one to two revolutions. The ship was taken into the Albert Dock on her return to Hull, to enable the saloon and its machinery to be completed, and to prepare for the official trial of the engines.

DR. BACHMAIER, a German philologist, has recently directed his attention to the construction of what might be designated a universal numeral language; and the fact that his labors were warmly approved by the members of the Oriental Congress last autumn, would seem to justify a special notice as to their general character. Assuming, at the outset, that, by the aid of a vocabulary of four thousand words, man can give expression to all his ideas, the first universal dictionary is constructed on this basis, each word having a number which represents it in each of the several languages included in the work. As an example: If the number 100 stands opposite the word *five* in the English column, it will also be found against *ses* in the French, and *Feuer* in the German, and thus throughout the whole list of languages used. In the application of this method, an Englishman, writing to a French friend with the dictionary in hand, will first seek out the word he desires to express in French; but, in place of writing the word itself, will write the numeral that is its universal representative; and, reversing this method, the French recipient of the communication will replace the numerals by the words of his own language. The reader will readily perceive that the main obstacle in the way of this method is the formation of ones, tens, etc., and, regarding this, our report is, unfortunately, very meagre, the only

announcement being that, "to make known masculine and feminine nouns and adjectives, tenses and inflections, and other grammatical requirements, Dr. Bachmaier affixes certain simple marks to the numerals." As, however, the learned doctor has already published three dictionaries, French, German, and English, constructed on this principle, their practical value will, doubtless, soon be demonstrated.

THE following *résumé* of the astronomical discoveries in the year 1874 is given by Professor Daniel Kirkwood:

Six minor planets have been added to the list:

No. 135, discovered by Dr. C. H. F. Peters, February 18th, at Clinton, New York.

No. 136, by Palisa, at Pola, Prussia, March 18th.

No. 137, by the same, April 21st.

No. 138, by Perrotin, at Toulouse, May 19th.

No. 139, by Professor Watson, at Peking, October 8th.

No. 140, by Palisa, at Pola, as above.

Four comets were also discovered, the most interesting of which was Coggia's. The star-shower of November 14th entirely failed, and no further return of the meteors in any considerable number can be expected until near the close of the century.

It has been found that the aphelion of Mars differs in longitude but one degree from the perihelion of the minor planet Aethra, discovered in 1873; and that the greatest distance of the former exceeds the least of the latter. These facts indicate the possibility of so near an approach of the two bodies that the disturbing influence of Mars on the asteroid may materially modify its orbit.

MR. FRANK LEE, noticing the arrival at the Brighton Aquarium of an African mud-fish, describes the habits of this strange creature as follows: "In the upper reaches of its native river, the fierce heat of the summer sun dries up the springs, and the water becomes shallower and shallower, until at last the bed of the stream is exposed to the torrid and desiccating air, and the sedimentary deposit which, when covered with water, was a semi-fluid ooze, is baked to a hard dry crust which splits and cracks in every direction. Unable to retreat, like the sea-fishes, from the shoaling water with an ebb tide, the *Protopterus* burrows down in the soft soil to a depth of about eighteen inches. The mud hardens around it, and there it lies curled up in its cell, like the chrysalis of a silk-worm in its cocoon, for three-quarters of a year, till the next rainy season, when the river once more flows along its former course. Then every crack and fissure of the parched clay drinks of the running water; the mud is liquefied, and the fish set free, apparently none the worse for its long imprisonment and deprivation of light and air."

THE accompanying note will prove of interest as serving to establish the claim of originality in the use of wrought-iron disks as a cutting medium. It bears the date Wilkes-barre, Pennsylvania, and reads as follows:

"*Editor of Appleton's Journal*—DEAR SIR: The note in your scientific department, concerning the use of a rapidly-revolving wheel for cutting off the ends of steel rails, recalls to mind a somewhat similar use of a wrought-iron disk which was in use in one of the shops of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, two years ago.

"The circular plate in this case was, as I said,

of wrought-iron, about three feet in diameter, with a velocity at the circumference of twenty thousand feet a minute. It was used in cutting bars of steel about one and a half inch in diameter, which it did very rapidly, and what was somewhat interesting to note, though the shavings fell in a fused mass, the wheel remained in a perfectly cool condition. The end of the steel bar was smooth and polished.

"Very respectfully yours,

"A. H. MCCLINTOCK."

WE learn from *Nature* that "a curious phenomenon frequently met with in the Indian Ocean, the real cause of which has not yet been ascertained, is the existence off Malabar, and in certain spots along the Coromandel coast, of vast mud-banks, and of tracts of mud suspended in the sea, wherein many kinds of fish find abundance of food, immunity from much disturbance in the surrounding element, and a locality in which to breed. The exact cause of the existence of these large tracts of sea wherein mud remains in solution is still a mystery, but at any rate the ocean is so smooth that, even during the height of the southwest monsoon, vessels can run for shelter into their midst, and once there are as safe as when inside a breakwater. If the surface is so still, of course so is the water below, and such spots seem to be well suited to the silurid fishes. These curious patches of sea which appear in a continually perturbed state, and the sea-bottom in the locality, would probably well repay careful scientific observation."

THE year following the close of the Franco-Prussian War, our readers were informed regarding the appearance on French soil of several varieties of plants. These, it is believed, were started from seeds introduced in the forage of the German army, or from that obtained by the French from foreign sources. The growth of these new orders of vegetation has been watched with interest by French botanists to determine whether they would become acclimatized, and it now appears that this will not be the case. It is announced that in the departments of Loiret and Loir-et-Cher, of one hundred and sixty-three German species, one-half, at least, have already disappeared, and those which survive are losing ground each succeeding year.

MM. FIZEAU and Cornu are at present engaged in an extended series of experiments instituted with a view to determine the true velocity of light. A beam of light is transmitted from the Paris Observatory to Montléry, whence it is reflected back to the starting-point, the whole distance traversed being sixty-six thousand feet. The instruments designed to measure the time elapsing between the departure and return of the light-wave are of the most delicate construction, and the results when announced may be regarded as authoritative. These observations are authorized by M. Leverrier, the director of the Paris Observatory.

WE learn from *Silliman's Journal* that Professor Alexander Agassiz, who left Boston last November to continue the South-American explorations begun by his honored father, will direct his course more especially to Chili and Bolivia. At Lake Titicaca he will direct the dredging and temperature observations, while Mr. Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, will superintend the collecting parties. It is said that the health of Mr. Agassiz, which has suffered by the double sorrow of the loss of his father and wife, is somewhat improved, and his early recovery is anticipated.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE
AND THERE.

CORNHILL has an essay "On People who will talk," the writer of which remembers Coleridge, and gives the following anecdotes of him:

"It would seem to be almost absurd, even in a man of sixty like myself, to say that he had heard Coleridge. But I have heard him. I have a very early memory of sitting on his knee at Mr. Gillman's in Highgate. I was half afraid of—half pleased with him. He muttered something which I did not understand, but which my mother, who sat beside him, afterward told me was—

'The child he was fair, and was like to his mother,
As one drop of water resembles another.'*

As I grew older, I was often at the Gilmans', where he was a sort of amateur tutor to the sons, James and Henry. He used to improvise the strangest doggerel, partly for their amusement, partly for their edification. I remember one set of verses beginning with—

'There was a boy called Richard Philips,
Who, for the want of many whips,' etc.

I learned, too, when a boy, from a very dear aunt, a poem, most of which I have forgotten, which contained, in the shape of a trio between Fire and Famine and Slaughter, the most tremendous diatribe against William Pitt—composed, of course, many years before, but I believe not then published.† Each verse ended with the words:

'Who bade you do it?'
The same, the same,
Letters four do form his name,
He bade me do it.'

There are many accounts of Coleridge's gigantic powers of monologue. The story, perhaps, least known is one to the effect that he was dining with some friends near London, when a broken soldier, in old, tattered uniform, came to the window begging; on which Coleridge launched into a history, causes, effects, every thing, of the Peninsular War.

"What a pity," said one of the party, afterward, "that that old soldier came up to the window!"

"It would have been all the same," said the other, "if a magpie had hopped across the path."‡

* This anecdote has been given before ("Recollections of a Reader," vol. xxii.), but none of what follows.

† It was first published anonymously in a newspaper, and afterward, being much talked of, in a collected edition of his works among the "Poems of Early Manhood," with an apologetic preface. It was much condemned, in Coleridge's presence, before acknowledgment, and recited by Southey, the only person present who was in the secret. He defended the poem as purely poetical or dramatic; but this could not calm down the indignation of others present, and Coleridge endeavored to appease the public by a long apologetic preface. It would have been better to have said briefly that it was written in the sense of a chorus in a Greek tragedy.

‡ This must have been a peculiarly unappreciative audience. When Edward Irving was asked it, in conversation with Coleridge, he could ever get in a word, the great preacher answered, "I never wished to get one in." And it is related that, at the inn in which Coleridge was sojourning just before his marriage, the landlord was so struck with his conversation that he offered him board and lodging free if he would only stay in the house and talk.

"It seldom happens that those who are famous in monologue are equally clever at retort. But Coleridge uttered one of the finest things, on a sudden provocation, ever said in any language. He was addressing a Bristol mob, when some of his hearers, not liking his sentiments, hissed. He paused, looked calmly round at them, and then, enunciating very slowly, said:

"When on the burning embers of democracy you throw the cold water of reason no wonder that they hiss."

"It was, of course, better suited to an Athenian assembly than to a Bristol mob; but it was a glorious outburst all the same."

The writer also met Macaulay, of whom he relates the following:

"It was mostly at breakfast-parties that he put forth his strength. For my own part, I think that a breakfast-party is the sorriest entertainment in the world. Few men are up to the mark at ten o'clock in the morning. I have heard men say that they cannot talk by daylight. And, if I had the combined powers of Demosthenes and Cicero, I think that I should be in the same condition. Moreover, if a man has any thing to do—and most men have something—he feels, while eating his cutlet and sipping his coffee, that he is kept away from his work, and that his business will fall into arrears. At dinner-time he feels some satisfaction in the thought that he has done his work, and is at peace with all mankind. But there are exceptions to all rules; and some entertainers, equally genial and experienced, such as Lord Houghton and the late Sir Robert Inglis, have contrived to make their guests forget that the labors of the day were before them, and make the cutlets and coffee taste almost like turtle and venison and cold punch and champagne. Of course, on these or nearly all these occasions, Macaulay was the chief, if not the sole, speaker. Sydney Smith's well-known *mot*, that the great historian, on a certain occasion, had transcended himself, for he had 'some flashes of silence,' represented, better than any thing else could have done, Macaulay's general manner of monologue. It must be confessed that sometimes a little personal variety was longed for—that a little more discussion would have been pleasant. But Macaulay did not speak to elicit the opinions of others, but to express his own. I do not, at present, remember more than one occasion on which any thing that Macaulay said evoked even a brief discussion. He said that he had been endeavoring to ascertain at what period the word *plunder* was introduced into the English language, and whence it came. It was not, he said, to be found either in the Bible or Shakespeare. This led to some general talk. I do not think that any of us knew that the importation was so modern, though most agreed that the origin of the word was Dutch. I observed that I thought I had seen it in the earliest records of the East India Company, that is in the letters of the skippers to the Court of Directors. 'Picked up, doubtless, from Dutch skippers,' said Macaulay. What I stated seemed to interest him greatly, and he asked me to ascertain the point. I promised to do so—when I had time; but the good time never came. This, however, was an exception; and generally there was a continual flow of talk—now like the murmur, now like the roaring, of a river. One always thought of *Labitur et labitur*. We marveled and admired, but for the most part went away disappointed; we found that we had learned so little."

At this season of many colds and influenzas, the following extracts from the *Spectator* on "Catching Cold" are timely, and should be heeded:

"If any considerable medical man wants to bring his name before the public, let him publish in the *Times*, or any journal of great general circulation, a series of sound rules for preventing those who will follow them from taking cold. No danger is more serious in England, as the returns of mortality for the last two weeks amply prove; there is none that physicians can do so very little to cure, except of course by regimen, of which the sufferers are impatient; and there is none against which the population of all classes is more reluctant to take precautions. They dislike 'catching' colds, of course, and grow depressed and stupid and ill-tempered when they have caught them; but they look upon colds as misfortunes which must come, and which do not signify, and, if urged to take precautions, regard the adviser, even if a professional man, as slightly effeminate, or, as they express it, very much given 'to coddling himself.' It does not strike them that a cold-wave kills as many people as a burst of cholera. Because strong children survive a daily bath in cold water, they think cold water 'hardens' children in winter as well as summer; and because air and exercise are excellent things, they assume that fog is airy, and a long walk in a drizzle beneficial. If they are getting on in years, they may admit that they like warmth and good fires, but they are wholly unaware that healthy warmth means not only a warm temperature—say, 64° Fahr.—but a temperature steadily maintained at that height, either by fires or by clothes. The very use of a thermometer to regulate the temperature of a room seems to be unknown in most houses, and you will see sedentary men sitting in a room for hours with a fire which brings the temperature up to 70°, and then for hours more with the fire nearly out, and the temperature at 52°, or lower. They know, we suppose, that a sudden fall of eighteen degrees will kill off men of low vitality in hundreds, will give, perhaps, a third of mankind a 'touch of the liver,' and will inflict on half the remainder an 'influenza' nearly as annoying and almost as dangerous as a fever, but once in-doors they fail to realize their knowledge.

"To the old and to children warmth is life, as indeed it may broadly be said to be to everybody, chilliness injuring all alike, though in different degrees. It is chilliness which the English seem not to understand. They will sit, not in the air, but in draughts of the bad kind—draughts, for example, such as come under badly-fitting doors in railway-carriages—with the utmost indifference, and put themselves straight in front of a fire which would not draw if it were not constantly replenished by a stream of colder air. Hermetically sealed rooms are of course injurious, but that admitted fact is no proof that a stream of cold air on a hot skin must be beneficial. The same ignorance governs much of English practice as to clothing. The anxious mother will protect her child's chest with a care which, if he is not consumptive and wears flannel, he probably does not want, and then let him run to school in shoes which, if they keep out the wet, do not, when he is seated, keep out the deadly chill arising from the thoroughly wetted sole. Many a child, and woman too, would be safer walking with bare feet through wet grass than walking in London in shoes supposed to be water-tight. They are not cold-tight, and it is not water on the sole of the

foot or anywhere else which harms people, but the chill which the water induces, and which is as injurious through the sole of the foot as through the chest or loins. The equableness of temperature which is so valuable in a room is just as valuable out-of-doors, and can be secured only by warm wool, or thinner wool covered with the most efficient enemy of chilliness, a wash-leather vest, which is impenetrable to draughts. It may be doubted if fur is by any means so good a protection as it is sometimes imagined to be. It keeps up the circulation when the thermometer is far below zero, and is therefore invaluable in very cold climates; but in England fur heats the wearer too much, requires to be worn constantly, and, unless the rooms are very warm, superinduces chilliness in-doors. This point is disregarded by the men who wear fur, almost as much as ease of their extremities is disregarded by women, who cover their bodies with sealskin jackets, while their legs are protected by silk and flannel worn too far from them to be protectors, and their feet by boots which in summer do not keep them from the wet, and in winter do not keep them from the cold. No dress can do less to keep up equable temperature, and none is less in accordance with the teaching of Nature, which has enabled some beasts to shed their coats in warm weather, but has not enabled them to put them off when they retire to their nests. The fox does not undress himself in his hole, any more than the bear when he gets into his hollow tree."

MR. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, in an article in *Fraser* on "Contrasts of Ancient and Modern History," takes a somewhat discouraging view of our civilization:

"The Christian nations cannot pretend that their religion, or their humanity, or their institutions, save them from war; nevertheless, two changes may be marked as fixed and important. Wars are shorter by far, and the victor is less able to abuse victory. As above observed, the length of a war is the most afflicting part of it, especially to the country which is the seat of war. The wars of the present day are thought long if they last three or four years; this is a great improvement on the last century, and it depends on abiding causes. Also, wars, even when they are wholly on the Continent, so damage the interest of neutral powers that all the world of diplomacy is angry with combatants, and watches them keenly. In general also the neutrals are jealous of any change of frontiers, so that the motives for aggressive war are considerably diminished. In short, it is no longer from the direct ambition of governments that our worst dangers now spring. Our worst danger is from the immorality of degenerate civilization, partly at home, and partly in the colonies of old nations.

"There are no worse ruffians in the world than those whom the great Christian cities rear in thousands. Avarice impels traders to press the sale of intoxicating drugs; sympathy with capitalists, routine, political convenience, gains to the exchequer, moreover, theories of freedom, induce statesmen to support the evil trade. Out of the intoxication of parents come pauperism, orphanhood, and half-idiotry of children, and the reign of lust, and the perpetuation of a prostitution which the rulers of Christendom are mistaking for a natural and necessary condition of things. As in the times of Marius and Sylla, so now in every rank a plentiful crop is produced of selfish profligates, hardened in vice, disbelieving

in virtue, and ready for lawless action as soon as they are beyond the reach of law. Did not the collective governments impose restraint on each separate government, and each in turn on its subjects, the ocean would be covered with lawless buccaners—not least from England and France—uniting all the mechanical knowledge and skill of their native realm with the atrocity of the worst savage. The slave-trade still rages in Africa through the complicity of European traders; and the countless islands of the Pacific afford abundant nests of piracy. England has annexed Feejee to hinder its being the centre of a slave-mart: how many more islands must she annex—putting a governor, and an admiral, and all their train, on 'every rock of the ocean where a cormorant can perch'—before this policy can be effectual? Our colonists in Australia, if left to themselves, would presently follow the course of South Carolina and Georgia, and glorify slavery. They will, ere long, be too great for England alone to control; and, unless all the great powers unite to declare the slave-trade piracy, and honestly suppress it, new dreadful evils may grow up from the dregs of our population and from the avarice of colonists.

"But because *corroding vice* from within is now our chief danger, one may almost say of every capital, every large town in Europe, 'Delenda est Carthago.' There was once a military reason for living very compactly, in order that a defensible wall might contain the largest number of people. But now this is the way to make a population most vulnerable to an enemy. A Roman army encamped every night with ranks as close as possible. A modern army avoids this as peculiarly exposing it to danger. For military safety, for health, and for moral reasons, our towns ought to be emptied out into the country. If English legislation ever looked onward, an immensity might have been done (indeed, much may still be done) by enactments concerning the building of *future* towns. Every block of houses should spend its refuse on *agricultural* land in close contiguity; this would secure us against living too close, and solve several problems at once. Demoralization is the terrible foe; and it cannot be grappled with unless society be organized, trained to industry, and kept in social relations. No private claims on the rustic areas must be allowed to forbid a due colonizing of them, in order to transplant the towns. A vast civic battle, no doubt, remains to be fought; but, unless it be fought bravely, and our internal barbarism be conquered, England will not permanently stand high among nations, and possibly she may suffer a very humiliating fall. But the world will move on, without any general retrogression, as we see in the case of Italy and Spain. When old nations degenerate, others take the lead."

A PAPER in *Blackwood* on "Chinese Tartars" gives an account of a journey through the high mountain-passes of Chinese Tibet, "the abode of snow." The following description of the people of a village in this district is interesting:

"The young persons of Shipki had none of the shamefacedness of the women of India. They would come and sit down before our tents and laugh at us, or talk with us. It was quite evident that we were a source of great amusement to them. They were certainly rather robust than beautiful; but one girl, who had come from the other side of *Lassa*, would have been very good-looking had she

been well washed. This Tartar beauty had a well-formed head, regular features, and a reddish-brown complexion. She was expensively adorned, and was probably the relative of some official who thought it best to keep in the background. In fact, she was very handsome indeed, lively and good-humored; but there was the slight drawback that her face had never been washed since the day of her birth. Another young girl belonging to Shipki tempted some of our Nangcha men into a mild flirtation; but whenever they offered to touch her it was a matter of tooth and nails at once. Mr. Pagell's conversation with the people on the subject of religion was well enough received, though his statements were not allowed to go uncontroverted, and his medical advice was much preferred. In talking with us, the men were rather rude in their manner, and, after staying for a little, they would suddenly go away, laughing, and slapping their persons in a way that was far from respectful.

"Both men and women wore long tunics and loose trousers, a reddish color being predominant, and also large cloth Tartar boots; but during the heat of the day many of both sexes dispensed with the boots, and some of the men appeared with the upper part of their bodies entirely naked. All the men had pig-tails, and they wore caps like the ordinary Chinese skull-caps, though, from dirt and perspiration, the original color and ornamentation were not distinguishable. The women had, some pigtails, some plaits, and were richly ornamented with turquoises, opals, pieces of amber, shells (often made into immense bracelets), coral, and gold and silver amulets; while the men had metal pipes, knives, and ornamented daggers stuck in their girdles. The oblique eye and prominent cheek-bones were noticeable, though not in very marked development; and, though the noses were thick and muscular, they were sometimes straight or aquiline. The bodies were well-developed, large, and strong; but the men struck me as disproportionately taller than the women. The weather being warm, hardly any one appeared in sheepskins, and most of their garments were of thick woolen stuff, though the girl from beyond *Lassa* wore a tunic of the ordinary thick, glazed, black, Chinese-made flaxen cloth. We did not obtain permission to enter any of their houses, which were strongly built and roofed of stone, but saw sufficient to indicate that these were dark, uncleanly habitations, almost devoid of furniture.

"Shipki is a large village in the sub-district of Rongching, with a number of terraced fields, apricot-trees, apple-trees, and gooseberry-bushes. It is watered by streams artificially led to it from the glaciers and snow-beds to the southwest of the Kung-ma Pass, where there are great walls of snow and snowy peaks about twenty thousand feet high. The village is separated into several divisions: the houses are not close together, and the steep paths between them are execrable, being little more than stairs of rock with huge steps. The gooseberry-bushes, however, gave a pleasant appearance to the place, and the unripe berries promised to reach a considerable size. Of course the whole district is almost perfectly rainless, and the air is so dry as to crack the skin of Europeans. It must get very little sun in winter, and be excessively cold at that season; but in summer the climate is mild, and hottish during the day."

FRENCH and English manners supply a topic for an article in a recent number of

Chambers's Journal. It opens with an anecdote of two Scotch ladies invited to dinner by a French lady:

"A number of years ago, two Scotch ladies paid a visit to Paris, accompanied by their brother, whose business led him to go thither every year. He was slightly acquainted with several Parisian families, but, not speaking French fluently, he had little domestic intercourse with them. The two Misses D—, on their arrival, expected that their brother's acquaintances would call on them, as they had been made aware of their arrival; but not a soul came near them. They did not know that in France the etiquette is for the stranger to call first—precisely the reverse of what is the practice in England; besides which, they were ignorant of the fact that the French generally do not cultivate the acquaintance of foreigners, rarely giving them invitations to their houses.

"Receiving no attentions, the ladies found Paris to be rather dull, their only amusement being sight-seeing. One day, walking with their brother in the Champs-Élysées, he introduced them to a lady whom they chanced to meet. Taking pity on their isolation, she invited them to dine with her on the following day. Here was something good at last. The invitation was accepted. Next day, they took care to be in good time, equipped in their best, in low, pink-silk dresses, short sleeves, and white-satin shoes, to the great astonishment of their hostess, who took it for granted that they were going to a ball afterward. They were equally surprised to find her in the same high dark silk which she had worn when out walking. Dinner was served, and commenced with the national *pot au feu* (soup) and *bouilli* (the beef from which the soup is made), and which the lady carved in shapeless lumps, not in thin slices, as in England; stewed beef with macaroni, *sol au vent*, *fricandens*, and roast-turkey, followed in quick succession. The lady carved small pieces of each dish, and put them on a plate, with a fork, which was handed round to each guest to help themselves. The Scotch ladies, accustomed to eat potatoes with every dish, were puzzled to find none forthcoming. After the meat, came a dish of green-peas, and the salad. The French use the same knife and fork for every dish, and keep them when their plates are changed; and the Misses D— were horrified to see that the servant who took their plates coolly put their knife and fork on to the cloth beside them, and did not give them a clean one until the dessert was served. They were greatly perplexed by the variety of dishes served, the absence of potatoes, and the arrival of green-peas after the meat had been taken away! The dinner was good, but the oddity of the arrangement was incomprehensible. It was a violation of all ordinary conceptions. After dinner, the gentlemen led the ladies back to the drawing-room, and *café noir* was served. Strong black coffee, without milk or cream, was not very palatable to the Scotch ladies, though they found the *liqueurs* which succeeded it—*crème de moka* and *crème de vanille*—excellent.

"After sitting chatting for about half an hour, the hostess astonished the Misses D— by announcing her intention of going for a walk, it being summer, and the days long; and, said she, looking hesitatingly at the evening costumes of her visitors: 'As I presume you are going to a *soirée*, I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of your company.' The Scotch ladies were too shy, and too little accustomed to converse in French, to ask for explanations, but they thought the lady very rude to turn them out of her house in this

cool way; they had not ordered their carriage until half-past ten, so they begged her to allow her servant to fetch one for them; and returned to their hotel, marveling at the unmannerly impudence of French ladies. They did not know that a casual invitation to dinner does not necessarily imply spending the evening; and no French lady would wear a low dress for even a very ceremonious dinner-party. Full-dress is only *de rigueur* for a ball or a very large *soirée*, and then only for young girls. Ladies dress more according to their age in France than in England; and you never see old, or even middle-aged, ladies dressed like young ones; or, if you do, you may be sure they are not French."

A WRITER in *Cornhill*, under the title of "Thoughts of a Country Critic," has some comments on the sentiment and fastidiousness manifested by some modern artists, that seem to be worthy of note:

"Let our moderns get the power of Leonardo and Michel Angelo, or even of Botticelli, and we will not quarrel with their mannerisms. Meanwhile, let them learn to be simple. 'Simple,' I hear some one say, 'why, simplicity is the one thing we love.' Not so—this is not a genuine simplicity; it is the simplicity of fastidiousness. Simplicity is the heritage of health, not the acquisition of a taste which dislikes vulgarity. You cannot become simple by pruning and paring, by turning away from this and that, by calling the mid-day sunshine a glare, and finding fault with grass and flowers for being too bright in color. Be healthy first of all, whether your powers are small or great. Study Nature in her healthy forms, not in her decay. You cannot build a school on the foundations of tender regret and choice sentiment. A living school grows because it lives, and does not choose and settle beforehand how its heart shall beat, or count its pulses by the watch. Refinement and sensibility are graces, not virtues, and they may be cultivated till they become sickly. They are essential to the poetic or shaping spirit, but they are not its only essentials; and one of the most important of all is health.

"Let me take (without offense, I hope) three modern instances. First, Mr. Morris's decorative work, which interprets and is interpreted by his poetry—for of his painting I cannot speak, not having had enough opportunity of seeing it—(why won't these artists exhibit! what harm would it do them or their paintings to be looked at by vulgar people! and vulgar people might learn something from them, as I hope they learn from the pictures in the National Gallery). Mr. Morris, then, like the others of his school, picks like a *châfournier* here and there whatever is tender and sentimental. He began with medieval asceticism—now he has gone on to a strange Greek Gothic Eastern gorgeousness, of which the first rule is that it should not be commonplace. But, excellent as are the details, it is all repetition or echo; only there is something of his own in the treatment, and so far he is in harmony with the old Renaissance. These old masters accepted the classical detail, and to some extent the classical rules. But with what a strong grasp did they lay hold on them, and make them their own! To return to our lackadaisical artists. The same refining sensibility is shown in their treatment of Nature. They do not work in the spirit of Turner or Gainsborough, or even Constable, whom the French have taught them to admire.

I do not know where you will find more perfect refinement than in the works of Mr. F. Walker and Mr. Mason, whose loss to art all its lovers must deplore. But are their subjects quite worthy of them? Mr. Walker paints a team of oxen on a Somersetshire hill-side, a child and a lamb under an apple-tree, a border of delicately-painted flowers, as light and suggestive and perfect as Schumann's 'Kinderscenen,' or Blake's 'Songs of Innocence.' Mr. Mason's Arcadia, where is it? not this side of Parthenope. With what exquisite care and labor he worked may be learned from his repeated studies of the same subject under different skies and in different moods. But the subjects are disappointing—a drying-pond with a blue gown hanging up, a girl driving a calf, a horseman astray on a moor. His highest flight of fancy is the lovely dance of girls by the sea-side, or the return of the mowers under the moon. He was the Theocritus of English painting; but with such power and such fineness he might have risen above the idyl. What I complain of is that, with higher pretensions than those of other painters, this school stops short of completeness for very fineness and fastidiousness."

THE *Athenæum* declares of David Livingstone that his position among explorers is that of Shakespeare among the dramatists:

"Bruce, Mungo Park, Caillié, Denham, Clapperton, and the Landers; Barth, Rohlf, and Nachtigal; Burton, Speke, Baker, and Schweinfurth; all these illustrious men made campaigns in Central Africa, but Livingstone spent nearly thirty years of his life in that country, and nearly twenty in active exploration. Other travelers have died in Africa; he did more, he lived in it. Like the Romans, he inhabited the countries which he conquered. The others traveled as strangers in the land; we find them always pushing on toward a certain point, chafing at the slightest delay, cursing the slowness of carriers and the obstructiveness of chiefs, resolved not to yield till their task should be accomplished, yet inwardly longing to return, and disgusted with the country and its people. But Livingstone traveled as the Africans travel, making short journeys, resting a day here, a day there, and, when he comes to good quarters, remaining a considerable time; for he was accustomed to regard Africa as his home. There he had married and his children were born; there was his parsonage hut, and his black, half-naked congregation. When he gave up the missionary life and became an explorer, taking all Africa as his parish, he felt no desire to escape from the wilds to civilized society."

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